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Inside the Donkey

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Ramesh Ponnuru

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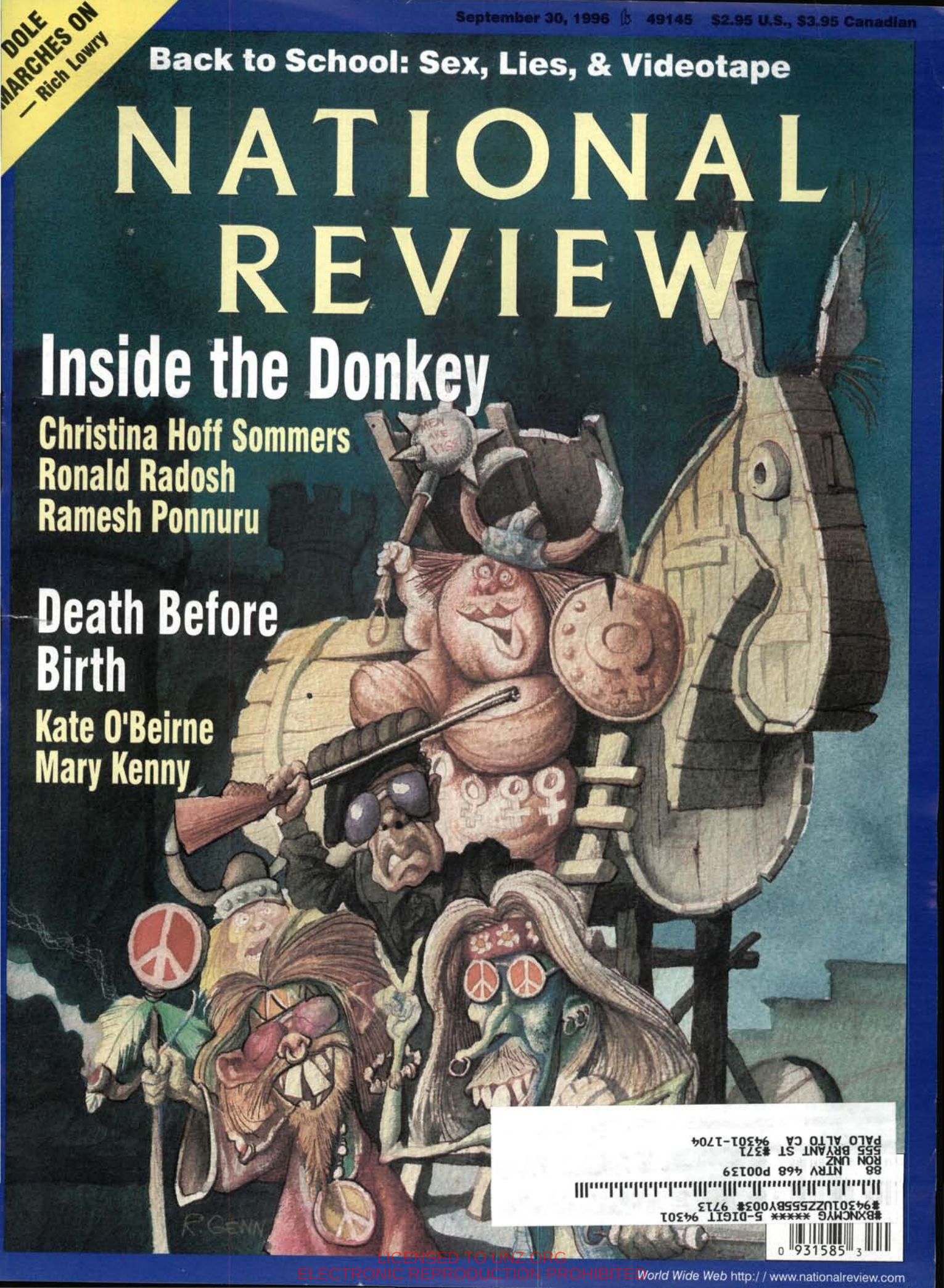

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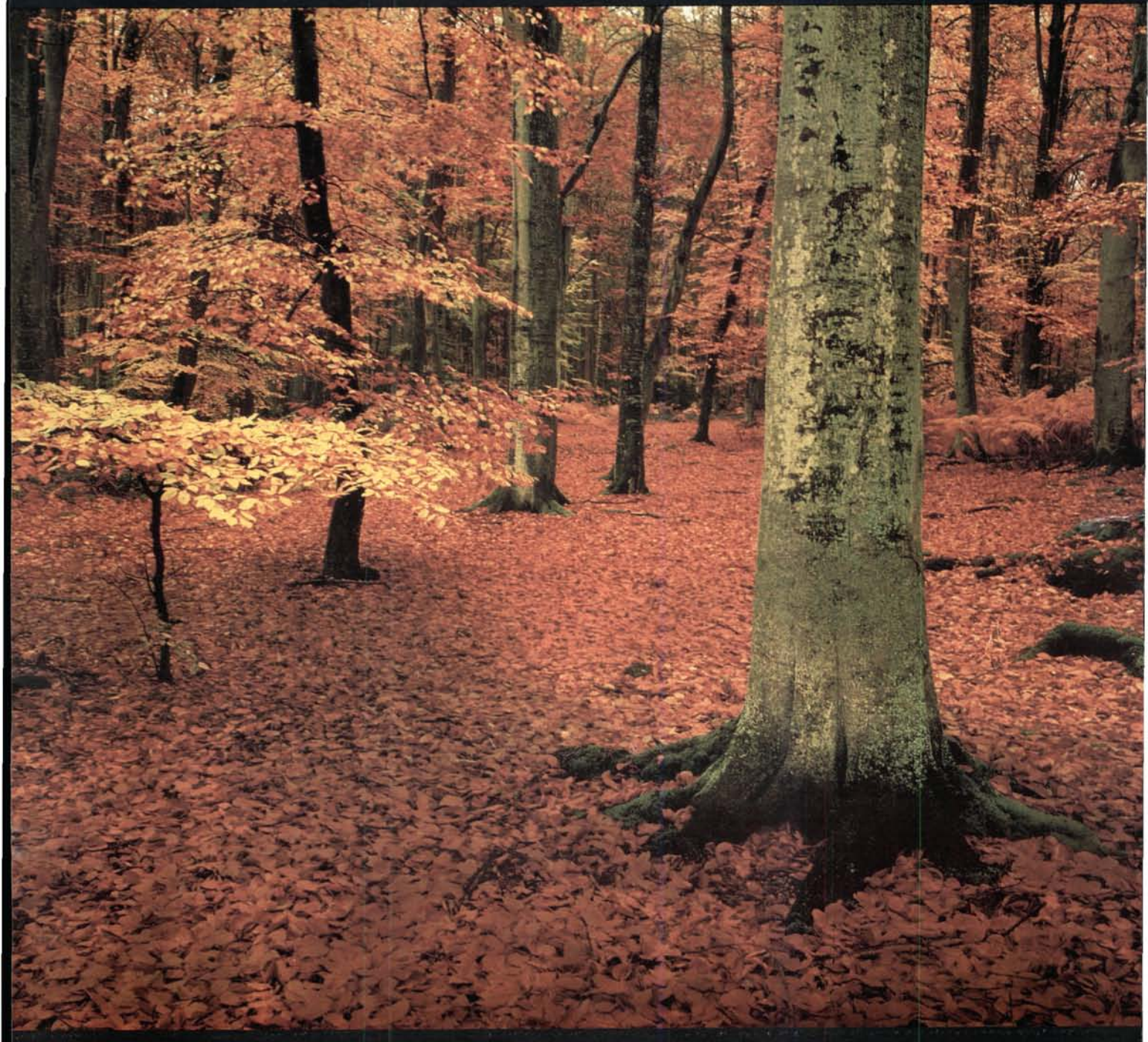

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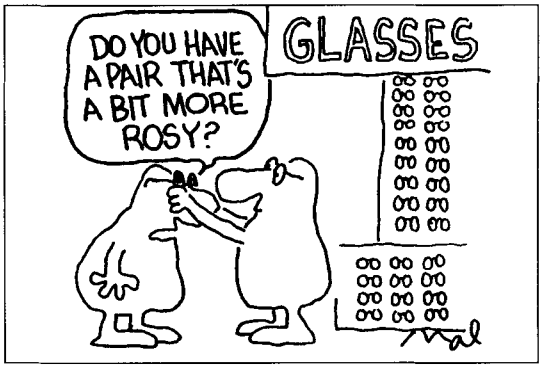

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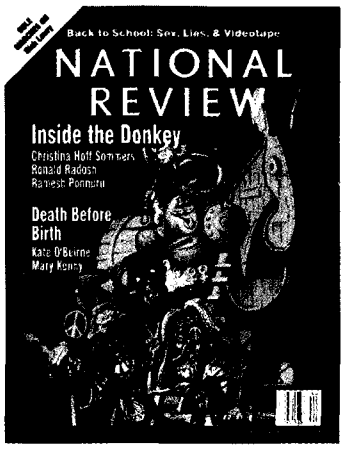

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LETTERS

Courage in the Inferno

Rich Lowry's "Rolling Back Quotas" [Sept. 2] is both a discourse on courage, dedication, principle, and character (as portrayed in Ward Connerly), and a horrifying depiction of a political landscape that parallels Dante's *Inferno*.

Lined up against Mr. Connerly, Gov. Wilson, and the supporters of Prop. 209 are the bulk of the California system of higher education, the judicial system, various state politicians, the print media, and the NAACP. These folks, who allegedly promote tolerance, have no problem slandering Mr. Connerly when his views differ from theirs. The lesson here seems to be that post-modern liberals create reality as they see fit. Tolerance applies only to those who share their belief system.

There is something to this way of thinking that is chillingly reminiscent of other socialist movements of our century.

G. Franklin Elrod
Starkville, Miss.

More Immigration Battles

Julian Simon ["Simon Strikes Back," July 1] has not rebutted our criticisms of his so-called facts and methodology in *Behind the Curtain: Julian Simon's Manipulation of Immigration Studies*. On welfare, virtually everyone except Simon—including the Urban Institute, on whose research he relies exclusively—now recognizes that immigrants are drawing on these benefits at a higher rate than the native born.

Furthermore, we have shown that on immigrant earnings, Simon compared incompatible data when he contrasted earnings of a select group of immigrants with those of the overall population of native born. On education, Simon ignores the fact that large numbers of immigrants have less than nine years of schooling and that the average educational attainment of natives is higher than that of immigrants and is increasing more rapidly. On health care, Simon misleads by comparing a younger immigrant population with the entire native-born population. And on overall fiscal costs of immigration, Simon again compares dissimilar populations of immigrants and the native born, which respected immigration researcher David North termed "an awe-inspiring bit of data manipulation."

Similar misrepresentations mar Simon's arguments about the relative numbers of immigrants, immigrants' effects on population and natural-resource depletion, and their negative effect on wages and jobs, particularly in vulnerable segments of the workforce. This analysis has been unrebutted—and thereby conceded—by Simon.

In a letter to us in March, Simon admitted: "[my data] do look very badly wrong at first glance . . . Whether the data in the table are in fact correct I did not know until the Urban Institute confirmed them recently." This only demonstrates that Simon's research is not his own anyway; his specialty is marketing, after all, and he does not uncover data, he packages them. Some may fall for Dr. Simon's evasions, but we are not among their dwindling numbers, and soon neither will be most of the educated public.

Jack Martin
Scipio Garling
Federation for American Immigration Reform
Washington, D.C.

Messrs. Martin and Garling say that I have not "rebutted [their] criticisms." Their "criticisms" cannot be rebutted because there is nothing to rebut. A statement that "virtually everyone except Simon . . . recognizes" is hardly a rational criticism of scientific work. (Furthermore, it is not even true!) Martin and Garling just use nasty labels and make vague, charges of "manipulation," "misrepresentation," "evasions," "distortion," "misleads," "packaging," and "marketing" data, etc., that one cannot pin down. They also write falsehoods such as that I "conceded" some statements that they list; I "concede" nothing at all about those statements.

The one place in their booklet, Behind the Curtain: Julian Simon's Manipulation of Immigration Studies, *where Martin and Garling referred to specific research data, they fell into the monumental statistical blunder of Simpson's Paradox, cited in my earlier* NR *piece. Every elementary statistics course teaches students to avoid the pitfall that Martin and Garling fell into. The smokescreen they now throw up —that "the research [in question] is not his own anyway"—tries to obscure that blunder.*

I wrote them that my theoretical analysis revealed their statistical error even though at first casual glance the data "do look very badly wrong," and I said I expected the Urban Institute to confirm my theory—as it did. No matter how Martin and Garling try to wash it off, the egg remains all over their faces. —JS

Huffing and Puffing

I am puzzled why Peter Jennings and the anti-smoking crowd are waging such a tireless inquisition ["Smoking Wars," Jacob Sullum, July 29]. Viewing this matter with my usual skepticism, I am forced to think that this inquisition is a smokescreen designed to cover up the dangers of a true evil—sexual promiscuity. "Not to worry, gang. It's safe to engage in almost any brand of sexual conduct as long as you don't smoke while you're doing it."

Edith Baker Galbraith
San Diego, Calif.

End Abuse, Not Aid

I appreciated *NR*'s support for the Equal Opportunity Act ["Yuppie Lawyers from Hell," Sept. 2], but I believe you do not put my voting record on the Legal Services Corporation in the proper context.

You fail to mention that I voted in the House Judiciary Committee last year to abolish the LSC in its current form. I continue to believe that we need to eliminate the LSC and establish a short-term block-grant program for legal aid. But the federal role of supporting legal aid for indigent people should be withdrawn in an orderly fashion—not precipitously.

I did vote to restore funding for the LSC to $250 million, but this amount is still a decrease of $28 million from the $278 million appropriated for fiscal year 1996. Moreover, it is important to understand that the funding level for 1996 is $122 million below the $400 million spent in 1995.

I agree that the LSC has been guilty of serious abuses, but our efforts to end them should not cause us to forget the legitimate legal needs of low-income citizens.

Charles T. Canady
Washington, D.C.

Grand Promises

Ramesh Ponnuru ["A Good Woman is Hard to Find," July 29] states that New Jersey Gov. Christine Whitman "promised a 30 per cent cut in income-tax rates . . . and kept her promise." While she did promise a 30 per cent cut, the fine print became publicly known only after she took office. Top marginal rates were virtually unchanged. Only the middle rates, which had not been skewed by Gov. Florio, were to benefit from the cut.

Cutting middle-bracket rates while leaving confiscatory top marginal rates unchanged is simple political grandstanding.

Frank J. Natoli
Newton, N.J.

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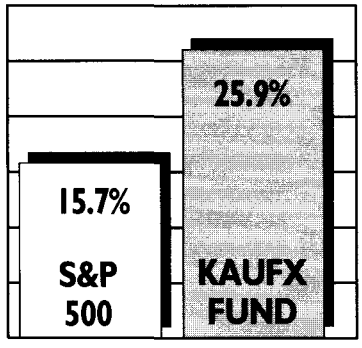

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FROM THE EDITOR

Of Vice and Men

■ In Chicago, President Clinton implied that his opponent is mired in nostalgia and countered Mr. Dole's call for a bridge to the solid values of America's past by offering instead a "bridge to the twenty-first century."

This is generally considered to be a brilliant retort. In fact, Mr. Dole's point was a serious one—namely, America cannot long prosper unless it regains the habits of virtue it exhibited in his childhood—whereas the President's response was lofty-sounding flim-flam.

A bridge to the future needs foundations somewhere—if not in Mr. Dole's past, then in Mr. Clinton's present.

If you are curious about a bridge to the future that begins in the present, read the "Back-to-School" articles. (To save you any suspense: it means giving a computer to a child who cannot read, write, or do simple arithmetic.)

■ Margaret Thatcher, once faced with a political opponent who had thrown socialism overboard and embraced a centrist agenda to win over the middle class, responded thus: "If he has abandoned the things he believes in so very easily, just imagine how easily he will abandon the things in which he *doesn't* believe."

But Mr. Clinton has seen—and avoided—this attack. He openly promises to break his promises, reassuring liberals in Chicago that he would "fix" the welfare legislation he had signed beforehand to win over conservatives.

You can't cheat an honest man.

■ In the two short weeks since we sent the last *NR* to the printers, Dick Morris orchestrated the Democratic Convention around "family values"; was briefly ruined by the revelations that he had told White House secrets to a lady of the town, kept a girlfriend in Texas, and fathered a child by her; and has nimbly resurrected himself with a $2.5 million book contract and the prospect of a second career as a news "consultant."

This has drawn forth accusations of hypocrisy from the media—but of two subtly different kinds. The tabloids thunder sternly that Mr. Morris should not have consorted with the ladies; the mainstream liberal media imply, no less sternly, that he should not have promoted family values (scorned as hypocritical because it is unrealistic to expect high moral standards from people).

The shriveled kernel of truth here is that anyone with decent moral standards fails to live up to them from time to time. We are all occasional hypocrites. But would it be an improvement if we all adopted conveniently low moral standards in order to justify our vices?

A society without hypocrisy would be not virtuous, but shameless.

■ A sort of morality is at work here, embodied in the irritation of some columnists at Mr. Morris's wife, Eileen McGann, for not being sufficiently bitter toward her husband. She has instead been loving, kind, and forgiving.

Such unselfishness, of course, is a violation of the liberal feminist ideology which has largely replaced traditional morality in the New Class. It does not recognize many sins; but "standing by your man" heads the list.

Miss McGann may not realize it, but she is violating feminism's first commandment: Thou Shalt Have a Duty to Thyself. And Sophia is not mocked.

■ Still on family values, Vice President Gore is giving a new twist to the phrase. First, he exploited his son's accident in his 1992 acceptance speech. Then, in Chicago, he exploited his sister's death to denounce the tobacco industry (of which he was a beneficiary long after her death).

So the question arises: have other members of the Gore family been maimed enough, or died in sufficiently tragic circumstances, to be given starring roles in his convention speech for the year 2000?

If not, shouldn't they be *extremely* careful as the next election looms?

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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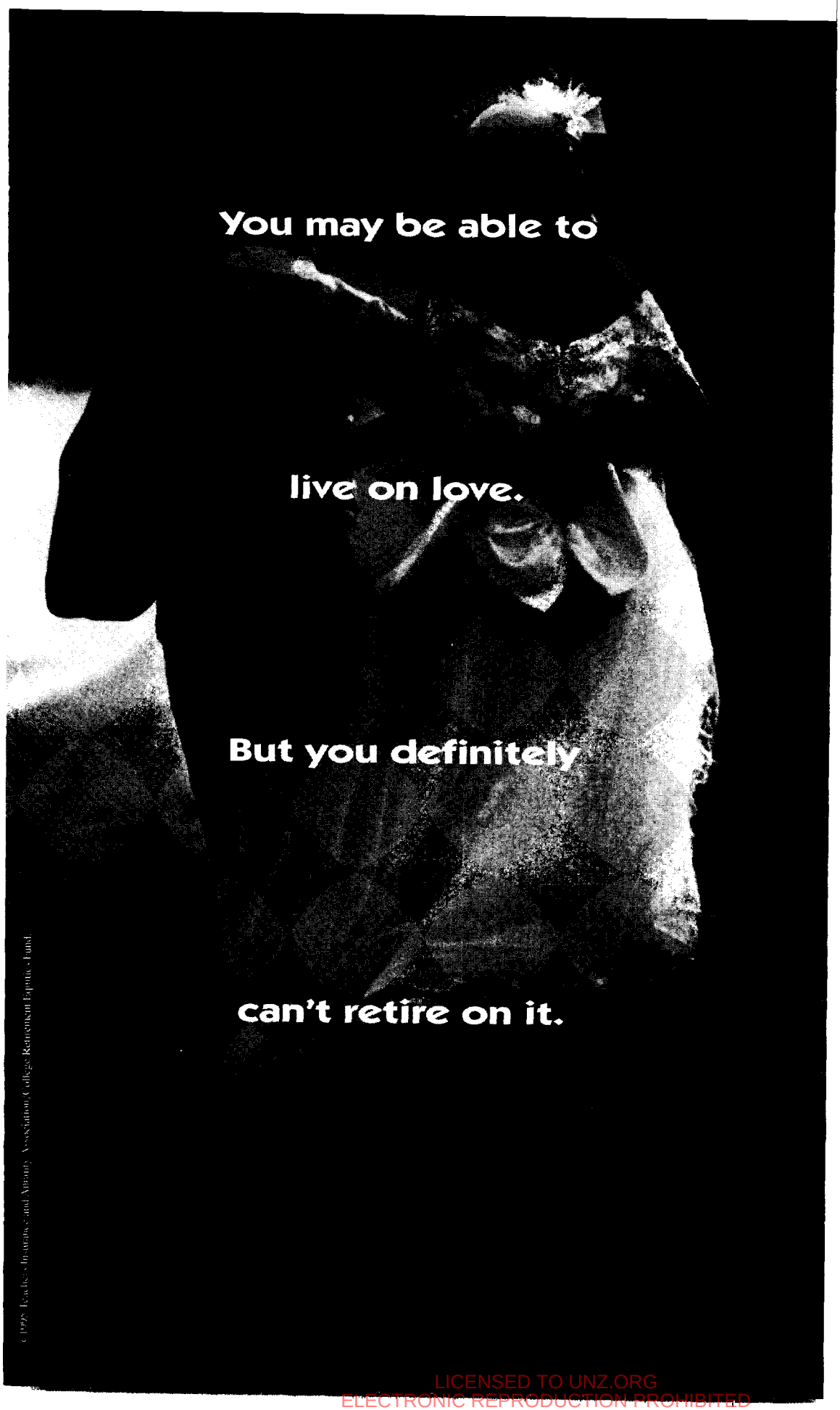

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FOR THE RECORD

■ With **Dick Morris** not only turning up on the covers of two of the three newsweeklies, but also keeping his book deal and floating the idea of being a TV commentator, being disgraced never looked like such a career-enhancer. . . . **Maureen Dowd** writes in the *New York Times*: "If [Dole campaign manager] **Scott Reed** were caught in a sex scandal, it would not say much about **Bob Dole**. But many people believed that Dick Morris was Bill Clinton's double. . . . The proteans bonded because both put polls above principles, winning above authenticity." . . . Scott Reed's theory on the Morris revelation: "Somebody did an inside hit job on him in the White House to force him out." But journalist **Elizabeth Drew** doubts it: "I know this White House staff well—they wouldn't be capable of that." . . . Call girl **Sherry Rowlands** spanks Morris again on tabloid TV show: "Someone as intelligent as he is should have kept his lip buttoned when he unzipped his pants. I mean, how can you maneuver words, and he can't even control what he's doing in his own room with a paid lady." . . . Random House president **Harold Evans** defends decision to publish Morris tell-all book, maintaining: "If we didn't publish books by people who had illicit sex, we would be out of business." . . . House oversight committee might subpoena Morris over claim in Rowlands diary that Morris told her **Hillary Clinton** ordered FBI files on Republicans in 1993.

■ Meanwhile, it's hard to argue with Morris's work at White House, as Clinton scores better than Dole in areas traditionally the preserve of Republicans. Poll says Clinton would be better than Dole on protecting family values, 54 to 34; Clinton also edges Dole on taxes (42 to 37) and budget deficit (40 to 34). . . . Asked whom they would trust to handle a war with Iraq, 52 per cent say Clinton, only 36 Dole. . . . Hillary Clinton is now even with **Elizabeth Dole** on question of who would be better First Lady; in mid August Mrs. Clinton had been losing to Mrs. Dole 42 to 28. . . . Clinton undertakes major effort to capture GOP must-win state of Florida. Clinton lost there by 2 points in 1992 after spending $50,000. This year DNC has already spent $3.3 million on ads in Florida.

■ Clinton associate **Erskine Bowles**, currently running presidential debate team, may replace White House Chief of Staff **Leon Panetta** if there's a second Clinton Administration, while Panetta returns to California to run for governor. . . . DNC chairman **Chris Dodd**'s convention performance sparking talk of his running in 2000. . . . Even liberal *Washington Post* columnist **Mary McGrory** has hard time stomaching Democratic convention: "[T]he real symbol of this empty exercise was the sodden Kleenex. This convention is one of the best reasons yet advanced for putting them out of their misery." . . . According to focus-group work by GOP pollster **Frank Luntz**, **Nancy Reagan** quoting from **RR**'s 1992 convention speech "scored higher than anything we have ever tested—the closest thing to a perfect '10' in politics." . . . Luntz scores **Ted Kennedy**'s speech "singularly the most divisive and worst received of either convention."

■ Rumblings on the Left? National Organization for Women President **Patricia Ireland** says in a *Nation* symposium she has been thinking of organizing a new party instead of running for re-election at NOW: "We have to ensure that the Democrats have to compete for progressive votes. Otherwise, as one of our national board members once said, they come around and sweet-talk us every election, but they don't respect us in the morning." . . . **Jesse Jackson** says in same forum: "If we are central to throwing out the **Gingrich** Congress, we gain energy and authority. If President Clinton must deal with **Charles Rangel** as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and **Ron Dellums** at Armed Services, and **David Obey** at the Joint Economic Committee—he becomes a different president, because his options are different." . . . Property-rights groups, steamed at Rep. **Sherwood Boehlert** (R., N.Y.) for hobnobbing with Sierra Club (which is undertaking massive effort to defeat GOP Congress), begin push to get him removed from Newt Gingrich's Speaker's Task Force on the Environment.

"They got me for pushing tobacco."

■ Prime Minister **Ryutaro Hashimoto** going for early elections as his Liberal-Democratic Party suffers because of consumption-tax increases and slow economic recovery. Hashimoto hopes opposition will splinter under new first-past-the-post, single-seat constituencies, first major Japanese electoral reforms in decades. . . . Prime Minister **Alain Juppé** promises a $5-billion tax cut to heavily taxed French (20.6 per cent sales tax) to help dealing with France's growing deficit and shrinking economy. . . . In South Africa veterans of Angolan war were called out under legendary Col. **Buks Pieterse** to meet rapidly worsening crime, especially murder, car-jacking, rape, and drug dealing, in the "Johannesburg jungle." . . . Nobel Prize–winner and retiring head of the South African Anglican Church Archbishop **Desmond Tutu** says Pres. **Nelson Mandela**, 78, should marry **Graca Machel**, 50 (widow of anti-Portuguese Mozambican nationalist **Samora Machel**), after official spokesman announced they would be living together six months a year. . . . Pres. **Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León**'s chief of staff, **Luis Tellez Kuenzler**, says government has proof that Mexico's newest outbreak of guerrillas is financed by Europeans and may include non-Mexican soldiers.

■ One RNC staffer laments: "Poor Sherry Rowlands, getting caught in bed with a prostitute."

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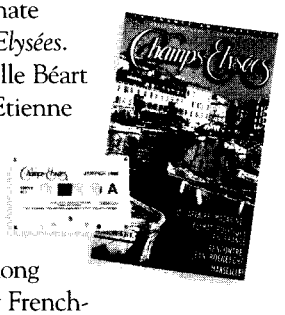

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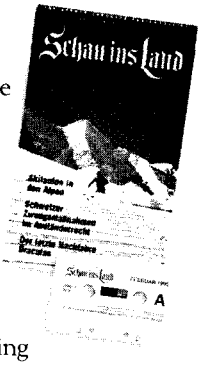

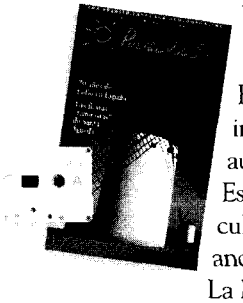

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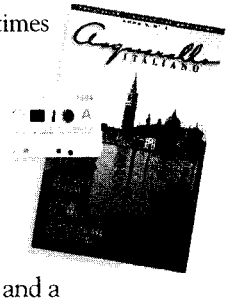

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THE WEEK

■ At least Ed Rollins puts his *own* foot in his mouth.

■ In President Clinton's speech to the Democratic Convention—which, for all we know, may still be going on as you read this—he proposed "to give businesses a tax credit for every person hired off welfare and kept employed," and "to offer private job-placement firms a bonus for every welfare recipient they place in a job who stays in it." As a welfare reform, this proposal is pretty insignificant, but still wrongheaded: all previous efforts to provide benefits to recipients for getting off welfare have ended up persuading more people to get on it in the first place. But there's a more basic issue of fairness at stake here. Under this proposal, employers are encouraged to give greater consideration to welfare recipients than to job applicants who have "worked hard and played by the rules." It is thus simply a surreptitious way of extending the existing regime of state-sponsored discrimination that goes by the name of "affirmative action." This wouldn't go unchallenged if the Republican Party were still alive.

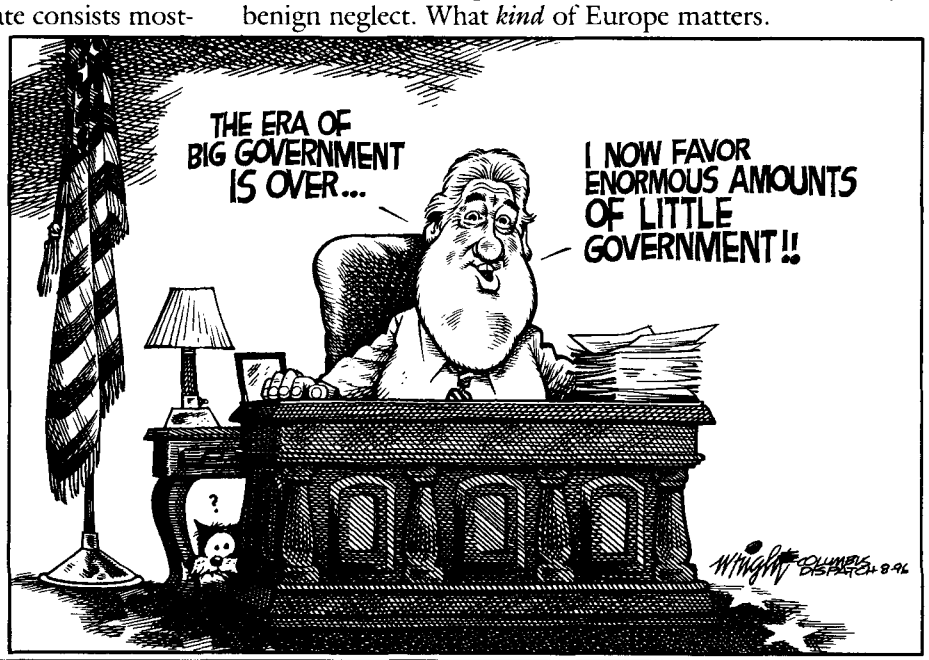
■ Sherry Rowlands meanwhile told the *Star* that Mrs. Clinton's address to the Democratic convention was a lot better than the original, oversweet draft that Dick Morris wrote. Hillary will be *so* pleased to hear it.

■ Ross Perot is pulling about 4 per cent in preference polls and airing 30-minute infomercials that are competing for the attention of 3 A.M. television viewers with ads for psychic phone consultations and 900-numbers. He stole the nomination of his own party, the presidential "primary" of which drew only 5 per cent of party members. His contribution to the policy debate consists mostly of rantings about Washington lobbyists, foreign trade, and a secret microphone in the Vice President's ear, not always in that order. He has now compounded his irrelevance by selecting as his running-mate Pat Choate, a Washington-based lobbyist for protectionism whose previous brush with destiny was as the ghostwriter of Perot's last book. Perot, in short, is a blight on American politics. For that reason—and because he flunks the presidential debate commission's chief criterion of having a plausible chance at getting elected—he should be kept as far from the debates as possible. The best forum for Ross Perot is the one he already has—the seedy reaches of late-night television.

■ Dick Morris on the phone to Bill Clinton, with a hooker listening in, finally makes clear the meaning of "triangulation."

■ In the last few days before adjournment, conservative senators are fighting with their own leadership to prevent the lifetime appointments of more Clinton judges to the federal bench. President Clinton has now appointed 26 per cent of all active federal judges, and GOP Senate leaders appear anxious to increase his judicial clout weeks before the election. Majority Leader Trent Lott permitted 17 district judges to be confirmed before the August recess, and Judiciary Committee Chairman Orrin Hatch now wants to offer more Clinton appointees for expedited approval. Senators Kay Bailey Hutchison (Tex.), Jon Kyl (Ariz.), and Charles Grassley (Iowa) are to be commended for resisting this rush to judges.

■ Reality can no longer be satirized in the European Union. When EU foreign ministers met in Tralee, Ireland, on September 7 and 8, they disagreed totally over Iraq. London supported the U.S. raids unconditionally; Paris thoroughly disapproved. After which they reiterated their intention to write a common European foreign and security policy into a new treaty in 1997. But there are clear dangers in this process for the United States. Too divided to support the U.S. against Saddam Hussein, the EU is strangely united in its determination to defend the right of its businessmen to trade with Cuba, Libya, and Iran. Even a committed pro-European like Stuart Eizenstat was unable to change this on his recent mission. An integrated Europe increasingly governed by summiteers and independent central bankers will be both too cautious and too selfish to stand up for joint Western interests. More dangerous still: it is precisely because the Russians understand all this that they are in favor of a "Europeanized" (read: "anti-American") NATO. The U.S. must not continue to treat European integration with its customary benign neglect. What *kind* of Europe matters.



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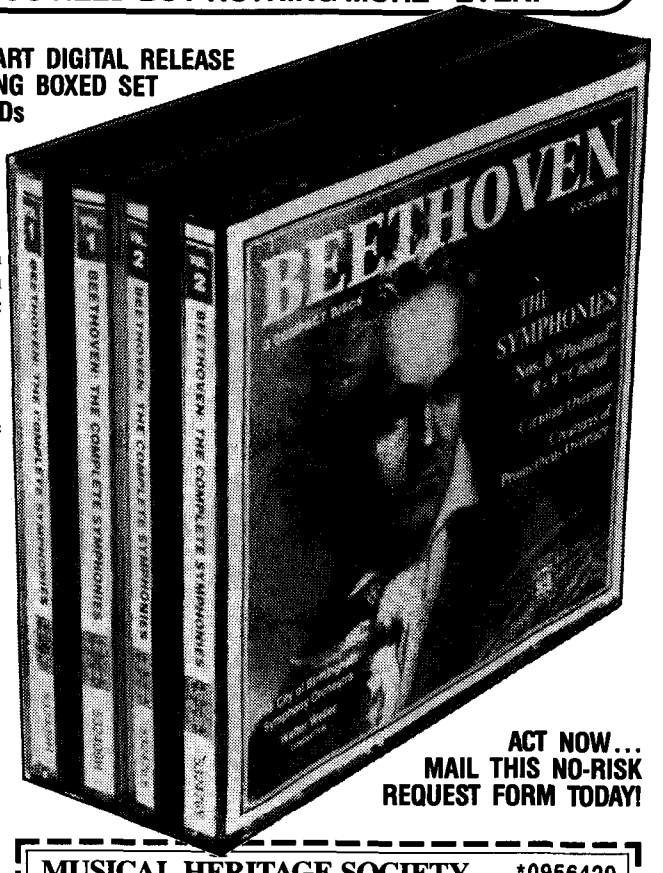

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■ It's too bad Susan McDougal won't talk. It was pleasing to think of her sitting in the front row at Bill Clinton's inauguration, quietly knitting.

■ A key part of Ronald Reagan's legacy—the National Endowment for Democracy—is under attack once again on Capitol Hill. The Senate Appropriations Committee recently zeroed out its funding after the House had approved the Administration's request ($30 million, the same as current funding). Sen. Judd Gregg (R., N.H.) led the attack, arguing that "the Cold War is over." He thus joins with those on the far Left who have sought the elimination of the NED since its creation in 1983. In fact, despite the collapse of the Soviet Union, two-fifths of the world's population still lives under autocratic rule, according to Freedom House. The NED has given aid and comfort to major democratic movements around the world, including Solidarity in Poland, Aung San Suu Kyi's party in Burma, and the Chinese human-rights movement—and served U.S. interests in doing so. Its party-affiliated institutes may deserve some of the credit for Boris Yeltsin's defeat of the Communists in Russia—not through the intervention of some last-minute self-promoting American consultants but through years of assistance to Russia's democrats and free-marketeers. The Senate should restore the NED's full funding in September when the appropriations bill reaches the floor.

■ But would *he* go to jail for *her*?

■ October is Nobel Peace Prize season and Richard Holbrooke is waiting by his phone. The unraveling of his Dayton Accord on Bosnia may not be a disqualification—after all, Ralph Bunche won the Prize for a fragile Arab–Israeli armistice (one of many), and Le Duc Tho and Henry Kissinger shared it for a Vietnam agreement that didn't last long either. The Prize seems to be an "A for Effort" kind of thing. Holbrooke's was a valiant effort, though it was the climax of a badly flawed Clinton policy that ignored the real problem, namely an imbalance of military power that aided the Serb aggressors. Given the Norwegian Nobel Committee's often kinky tastes, however—left-leaning groups are usually favored and Americans are usually shunned—other candidates might be Greenpeace or the Mexican Zapatistas (with honorable mentions to Gerry Adams and the Unabomber). We could do much, much worse than Dick Holbrooke.

■ Jack Kemp told the *Boston Globe* that Louis Farrakhan's advocacy of family values and self-help was "wonderful." We await similar praise from him for Pat Buchanan. Or is Pat too far out?

■ To most of America, the disingenuousness of tobacco-industry spokesmen is a cliché. To anti-smoking activists, it's a never-ending outrage. To lawyers suing cigarette manufacturers, it's a potentially lucrative tort. And to the U.S. Justice Department, it's a federal offense. The *Washington Post* reports that FBI agents are issuing grand-jury subpoenas to mid-level employees of Philip Morris and other tobacco companies, hoping that the threat of perjury charges will elicit testimony implicating senior industry officials in the crime of making false or misleading statements to Congress and federal agencies. This crime hinges mainly on whether tobacco-company executives are sincere when they suggest that smokers value nicotine for its taste, or when they insist, despite overwhelming evidence, that they personally do not *believe* that smoking causes lung cancer or that nicotine is addictive. Without getting inside their brains, we will never know for sure, but we can guess the answer. More to the point, no one is fooled by such legalistic evasions unless he wants to be. But the Justice Department has little faith in Americans' ability to see through transparent prevarications. As the *Post* notes, "The tobacco industry has become an issue in the 1996 presidential campaign, with President Clinton positioning himself as the anti-smoking candidate." Yet "Justice Department officials . . . say their probe is independent of White House influence."

■ "I would kind of like to throw up in living color," said Rep. Pat Schroeder in reaction to the Morris scandal. Not to argue with your delicate sentiments, ma'am, but the contemporary term, coined by the great Australian comedian Barry Humphries, is "a Technicolor yawn."

■ President Clinton is proposing to bypass Congress and use the 1906 Antiquities Act to declare some 9,000 square miles of southern Utah a "national monument" in order to thwart a Dutch coal company from exercising its mining-lease rights to the Kaiparowits plateau, a remote sector of what they used to call "badlands"—country so rocky and dry it was bypassed by cattlemen. Andalax Resources, Inc., discovered rich coal seams there and wants to open a mine based on leases granted in the mid 1980s. White House aides have said the Administration will not challenge Andalax's right to *mine* the coal but will deny it the permits needed to build roads to get the coal out. The *Washington Post* quoted a senior official as saying, "The

There Goes Susan

When friendships fail, the Clintons
Don't pull the parlor shades,
Call in a shrink for comfort,
Or cancel state parades.
And when, as often happens,
Dear friends are doing time,
They never send a fruitcake
Or feel their pain on prime.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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lease clearly conveys the right to explore for and develop and mine the coal. It doesn't say they necessarily have the right to get coal off the lease." File that under: "What's a Constitution between friends?"

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■ Mr. Clinton's "bridge to the twenty-first century" may sound like empty campaign rhetoric, but wait till you pay the toll.

Uphill

IN Washington you can already hear the splashes as rats jump off the ship. Not only is Bob Dole trailing by 15 to 20 points in the polls; in some surveys he isn't even reaching 40 per cent, a threshold that should be attainable for any candidate who is breathing. For Dole to win will take a comeback unprecedented in American politics. It will mean overcoming not just his own limitations as a candidate, but also last year's budget debacle, which still colors the public perception of the GOP, and a Congress that punted away the issue of welfare reform, plus a President who has learned the lesson of Michael Dukakis's 1988 defeat on social issues all too well.

Despite all the missteps (especially between the end of the GOP primaries and the convention) and the continued internal disarray (of which the departure of Dole's media team is the latest example), the Dole campaign has demonstrated an ability to get some big things right, from the tax plan to the choice of Jack Kemp as running-mate to Dole's eloquent convention speech. Now the campaign needs to get two more big things right. If it does, victory in November may still not be likely, but at least defeat will not be inevitable.

First, the campaign must stick with the tax plan. Dole has wavered a bit in recent weeks, suggesting in Chicago that the deficit would take priority over tax cuts, and adopting a defensive-sounding line in general. For a candidate whose commitment to tax cuts is widely questioned, any such talk courts disaster. The tax plan is Bob Dole's version of the no-new-taxes pledge. Bush got killed by the media, by the Democrats, by all the organs of established opinion for sticking to his pledge early in his Administration. But when he did the "responsible" thing and agreed to raise taxes, he got no credit from the media, got branded a liar by the Democrats, and kissed his political base good-bye. If Dole moves off the tax plan he can expect exactly the same result—all pain, no gain.

Worries among his campaign staff that the tax plan doesn't "poll well" demonstrate only why polls are a reliable guide neither to campaigning nor to governing. The surveys just reflect back conventional wisdom, i.e., Dole is not serious about cutting taxes, and the nation can't "afford" his plan anyway. The point of campaigning is to change the terms of debate. If Dole argues for his plan every day in a convincing way, eventually people will begin to believe he's serious. Then the compelling argument of the Dole campaign—that people spend their money more wisely than government does—can begin to bite. It will never convince everybody. But it will win over some liberals and independents—and energize many conservatives. That is the most that can be expected of any issue.

The idea of a late surge after a dogged campaign on taxes is not just glad talk. But Dole won't get over the hump on taxes alone. Republicans have never won a national election solely on economic conservatism, even when economic circumstances have been far more helpful than today. So, Dole's second imperative is to make the country's cultural crisis a key theme of his campaign—in terms both of the centrifugal forces pulling Americans into mutually antagonistic groups and of the permissiveness overtaking traditional middle-class values.

The campaign is feinting in this direction with the issue of increased teen drug use. But, despite its superficial appeal in the polls, drug abuse is not an issue that is likely to change votes. Voters don't blame the Democrats for increased drug abuse, and, reasonably enough, they don't think there's much a President can do to reduce it.

The gateway issues into the two aspects of the cultural crisis are ones the campaign has been careful to ignore: state-sponsored discrimination and partial-birth abortion. The campaign is worried that these issues will scare off women and moderates. But both enjoy wide support in the polls, make it impossible for Clinton to adopt a phony centrist position, and speak to the moral sense of the great majority of Americans. (One caution: If Dole is not willing to begin a campaign of cultural conservatism soon, he should not embark on one at all. Such issues require calm moral advocacy if they are to persuade an electorate that

Awaiting the Reviews

Unlike Rasputin, who was fed
A poisoned entree, then shot dead,
Dick Morris signed with Random House;
Now, rather than a Christmas mouse,
The Great Triangulator looks
More like the late Rasputin's cooks,
As hubby and the Mrs. treat
A taster first before they eat.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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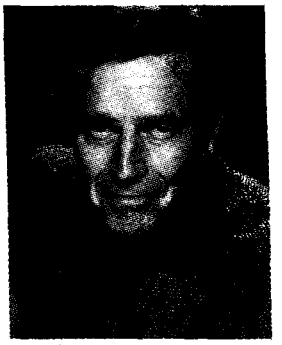

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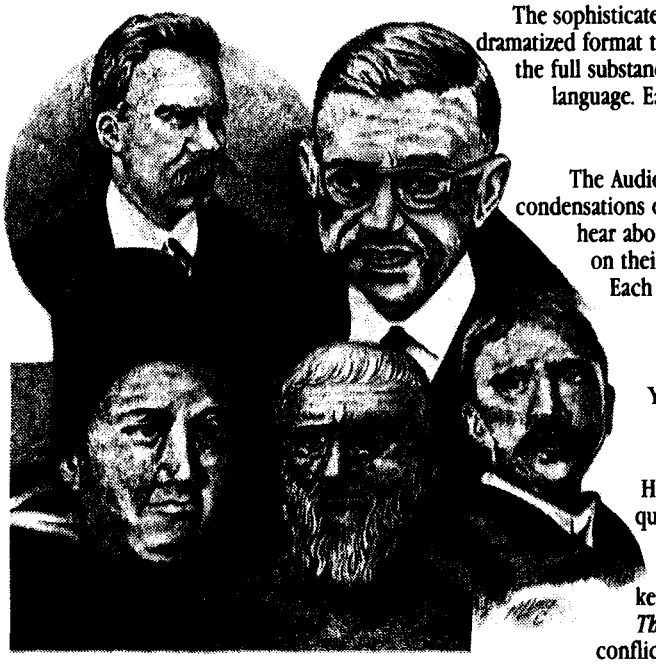

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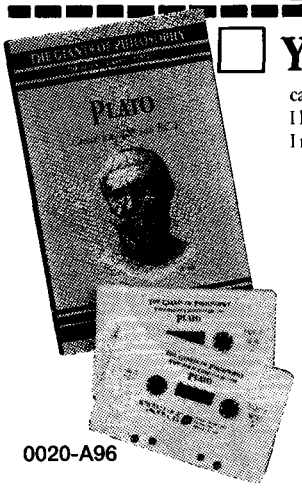

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is worried about social disintegration but hostile to stigmatizing others. Injecting them into the campaign at the last minute will invite the accusation that they are being employed as a racial "wedge" and, instead of saving the candidate, will merely discredit the issues.)

But if there's any doubt about the effectiveness of cultural issues, the campaign should look up Fred Steeper's persuasive analysis of 1994. He argues that the GOP swept the elections because it polarized the voters along conservative–liberal lines and won nearly all the conservatives. If Dole does the same, he will not necessarily win, but he will have a chance. And with so many rats already headed toward shore, that's no small thing.

Hit and Miss

THE best that can be said for President Clinton's cruise-missile strikes against Iraq is that he can't be accused of cooking up the crisis for domestic political gain. He was right to respond to Saddam's provocation. The problem is that the origins of the affair are a sad commentary on his stewardship of U.S. policy in a vital region of the world, and his weak response only invites further challenges.

On August 30, Saddam sent three divisions of his elite Republican Guard (40,000 troops) to capture Irbil, a town in northern Iraq that was a stronghold of an opposition Kurdish group and the umbrella opposition coalition, the Iraqi National Congress. Saddam succeeded in crushing both—which is one reason why his later withdrawal was meaningless and the pinprick U.S. cruise-missile attacks in *southern* Iraq were an irrelevance and even a joke. (Cruise missiles are not an effective weapon against the kind of hardened command and control targets that were struck.) Most important, the U.S. was politically naked—we acted alone, without Turkish or Saudi bases or conniving support from any NATO or Arab ally other than the British. The net result was to dramatize the fraying of the Desert Storm coalition forged by President Bush—to dramatize American weakness, rather than American strength.

Within days, Saddam was egging on his own group of Kurdish clients to complete the job by advancing on remaining opposition strongholds. And the *Washington Post* was reporting on the devastating blow that had been inflicted on the Iraqi National Congress. This coalition, which receives covert support from the United States, saw a hundred of its key personnel rounded up and executed in Irbil. While Bill Clinton is President, being an enemy of the United States entails no great cost, but relying on the United States can be fatal. Saddam Hussein is again the master of Northern Iraq.

Since Northern Iraq had been under American protection since Desert Storm, the origin of the crisis, as well as its outcome, is an embarrassment. The area was a vacuum. At the end of July, the Iranians sent 4,000 troops into it to bolster their Kurdish clients; then Saddam riposted with his 40,000; now the Turks have declared a unilateral "security belt" of 10 kilometers to shield their border from Kurdish terrorists. All see the U.S. as a paper tiger. The U.S. also dropped the ball by failing, early on, to mediate quarrels among the Iraqi Kurds. Thus the crisis represents a failure of American diplomacy as well as of American deterrence.

By any serious measure, Saddam is the big winner. One of the saddest aspects of this whole affair is Bob Dole's timidity about saying so. After the attack on Irbil, Dole said—forthrightly and correctly—that it revealed Clinton's weak leadership. Then, when the missiles were launched and Clinton received a momentary surge of public support, Dole retreated, and his aides told the *New York Times* that he had made a mistake. Dole should have had the courage of his convictions—especially since the rest of the world is coming to share them.

Another Schools Crisis

FROM New York to California, this fall's school reopenings were accompanied by stories of overcrowded classrooms and children turned away. Total enrollments are at the highest level since 1971, according to Education Secretary Richard Riley. Obviously figuring that happy days are here again, the California Teachers Association, local head of the National Education Association hydra, is running television ads urging more education spending.

But as California researcher Linda H. Thom points out, the U.S. does not have a shortage of teachers and classrooms. It has a *longage* of immigrant students, and students who are the children of immigrants. Births in California rose 204,000 between 1970 and 1994, roughly three-quarters of the total U.S. increase. But births to native-born American women in California actually *fell* by 9,000 during that period. The cause of the California increase: births to immigrant women, up 213,000.

In New York City, where schools in immigrant areas were in chaos while others were underutilized, Mayor Rudy Giuliani gave a typical immigration enthusiast's re-

Hello? Mr. Clinton?

In Turkey, where Ataturk's ban
Left eunuchs with nothing to fan,
The mullahs ride high
As belly joints die,
And pipes carry gas from Iran.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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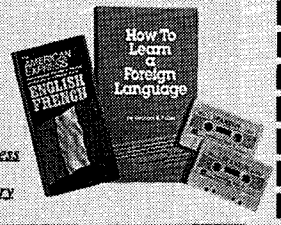

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sponse: a stirring call for the suppression of the facts. Admitting to the *New York Times* that immigrants had caused "some" of the problem, Giuliani warned it would be "wrong to blame" them: "Otherwise you will feed a national agenda which says that . . . therefore immigrant children should be thrown out of school."

The pitiful remnant of the Simpson–Smith immigration-reform bill, now staggering through Congress, contains a provision that returns to the states the power to decide what to do about (not necessarily "throw out") illegal (not legal) immigrant students. Simpson–Smith is due for a final vote soon. This provision is already causing much wailing, even from conservatives who have not yet woken up to the immigration crisis. All such wailers should be asked: How do *you* propose to deal with the problem? Don't hold your breath for a rational (as opposed to abusive) answer.

The solution to the immigration crisis is not very difficult: control the borders, deport people here illegally, reduce legal immigration to manageable levels. By its timid refusal to take such reasonable measures, the American political class will ultimately make necessary all kinds of unpleasant and avoidable expedients, from barring children from school to national identity cards. This September's stories merely made obvious the first victims of this cowardice: American children and their taxpayer parents. There will be others in due course.

The Stonewall Route

ON September 30 Susan McDougal will begin a two-year sentence for her role in an illegal scheme to obtain a $300,000 Small Business Administration loan that was used, in part, to help keep

Right Data

"AS long as you have a job and pay your taxes, you are protected . . ." Or so a Hamburg worker claimed last year. But blind faith in the welfare state may be on the wane in Europe. Chancellor Kohl is looking to cut social security, health, and unemployment benefits by the equivalent of 2 per cent of GDP in 1997. (By comparison, Ronald Reagan cut these programs by 0.3 per cent of GDP in his first term.) France, Belgium, even Sweden, are dismantling parts of their safety nets.

Why the change? State spending in European countries swelled to an average of 51 per cent of GDP in 1995 from 34 per cent in 1961. Over that period EC unemployment rates tripled, while U.S. unemployment was comparatively stable. All in all, Western Europe, with a working-age population more than 50 million larger than ours, created fewer than 5 million jobs from 1974 to 1992, while we added 34 million.

Officially, Europe's current unemployment rate is 11 per cent. This is a vast understatement, for it ignores "discouraged" people who don't bother looking for jobs. Only 75 per cent of France's working-age men, for example, work or are looking for work, versus 85 and 90 per cent of their counterparts in the U.S. and Japan, respectively. And thanks to regulations designed to "protect" full-time workers, temporary employment is much more prevalent in Europe. In Spain, where employers must pay dismissed workers 45 days of wages for every year worked, more than 35 per cent of all workers are part-timers.

Unemployment benefits last forever in Europe. Not surprisingly, so does unemployment. Of Rotterdam's 50,000 jobless, 32,000 have been unemployed for more than a year, many for more than three years, according to the *Economist*. All in all, more than 40 per cent of the EU's jobless have been idle for at least a year, as opposed to 12 per cent here.

Europe's unemployment problem, unlike ours, is largely unrelated to sluggish growth. Instead it is "structural"—the result of an artificially high cost of labor. Payroll taxes are 50 to 100 per cent higher than our own. Germany now has the highest personal income taxes in the world, approaching 60 per cent. And those taxes do destroy jobs. A study by Columbia University economist Edmund Phelps finds that France's 10-point wealth-tax increase earlier this decade has boosted unemployment by about a point and a half.

Minimum-wage levels also tend to be higher in Europe. Including benefits and taxes, a French minimum-wage worker now makes nearly $8.15 an hour, 50 per cent more than his American counterpart. Beleaguered employers find some relief in the underground economy. Crude estimates suggest that perhaps one-quarter of Italian and Spanish workers work off the books, as do 10 per cent of those in Belgium, France, Germany, and Sweden. Reagan-esque income-tax cuts to help Europe's jobs malaise? Don't count on it. To meet Maastricht's budget-deficit cap—3 per cent of GDP—most European countries will have to either raise taxes or cut benefits. Longer run, the IMF estimates the gap between retirement benefits and payroll taxes in the next century is four times larger (relative to GDP) in Germany and France than in the United States. The moral is that once you're in a spending trap, there's virtually no escape.

—Ed Rubenstein

EUROPE'S SPENDING TRAP, 1995

	Per Capita GDP	Taxes As % of GDP	Unemployment Rate	Long Term Unemployment(a)
U.S.	$26,525	31.8%	5.6%	12.2%
Japan	21,117	33.7	3.1	17.5
Germany	20,370	46.4	9.4	44.3
France	19,955	48.7	11.6	38.3
UK	18,360	37.2	8.2	45.4
Italy	19,536	45.2	12.0	61.5

a. % of unemployed out of work for over 1 year. Source: OECD

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Liberalism's Attempt to Seduce Holy Mother Church

The greatest imaginable triumph of secular liberalism in history would be its conquest of the 2,000-year-old Catholic Church. To date, secular liberalism has, under the guise of "liberal Catholicism," led much of American Catholicism astray. Consider:

- Liberal "therapeutic" priests are silent about sin. But then what did Christ save us from? No wonder Catholicism seems incoherent to many!
- Liberal priests refuse to talk about Hell. But if there's no Hell, why be good? No wonder Catholic attitudes about immorality are virtually as permissive as the rest of society!
- Liberal clerics excuse their people from the Church's high sexual standards. No wonder certain clerics excuse themselves too, hence so many sex scandals among the clergy!
- Liberal priests don't explain Catholic teaching to their flocks. No wonder Catholics are easily won over by New Agers and secularists!

- Liberal Catholics, bitten by the bug of Political Correctness, are forever bellyaching about the "sexist, homophobic, oppressive" Church. No wonder they don't attract converts to the Church!
- Liberal Catholicism denies the binding character of Scripture, Tradition, and Magisterium: One need only "follow one's conscience," which amounts to doing only what's convenient. But people instinctively do what's convenient, without any coaxing from the clergy, so why go to church? No wonder church attendance has dropped dramatically!

Liberal Catholics are just pathetic imitators of liberal Protestants. By making Christianity comfortably ambiguous, have liberal Protestant churches been flooded with new members? *No. They're actually dying*. (Just what secular liberalism wants!) Why are they dying? Because they offer no authoritative answers to life's big questions: why am I here? what is true religion and virtue? how do I get to Heaven? By essentially turning themselves into debate clubs, therapy centers, and concert halls, they've failed to offer people anything unique and unsurpassable. They elicit no commitment and little interest.

The Catholic Church in America could fall too. This is where the NEW OXFORD REVIEW comes in. An orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, *we fight off the liberal seducers!* We "belong in every loyal Catholic's arsenal," says Fr. Joseph Fessio. We have an international audience, and we're published out of libertine Berkeley, so we know a debaucher when we see one! Still, can anything good come out of Berkeley? Well, "can anything good come out of Nazareth?" (John 1:46) Try us and see!

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Whitewater Development Corporation afloat. Of course, the McDougals' Whitewater partners were the Clintons. Former Arkansas municipal judge David Hale, another Clinton friend residing in a federal prison, testified that then-Governor Clinton pressured him to obtain the illegal loan. President Clinton, however, testified under oath that he had no knowledge of the loan. Good thing, for if Mr. Hale is right, Mr. Clinton committed a felony.

Whitewater Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr must determine whether Mr. Hale or Mr. Clinton is the perjurer. So Mrs. McDougal was called before a federal grand jury and asked whether the President testified truthfully when he denied any involvement in the scheme. Despite receiving full immunity for her grand-jury testimony, she refuses to cooperate, claiming that Mr. Starr is out to get the Clintons. She was held in contempt of court, and soon thereafter trucked off to prison.

The Week in Verse

They're off! And cheering throngs don't fill the air
To help the tortoise overtake the hare;
As *Clinton*, just out for a Sunday stroll,
Scarce on the track pulls far ahead of *Dole*—
Who nonetheless preserves a tranquil face,
Displays his nerve and, under pressure, grace.
He may not look or feel like a new man
But still has hopes of emulating *Truman,*
Reflects that *Kemp* can only do him good
By hangin' with his homies in the '*hood*.
Meanwhile, a shake-up scarcely makes a ripple.
To show where *Murphy* sank, or stone-like *Sipple*.
More int'rest, sure, is fasten'd on the whore, his
Injur'd wife, and th' book to come from *Morris*.
In *Arkansas*, where with the truth they're frugal,
Starr gets but little help from *Ms. McDougal*:
Her President and friend she will not fail,
Who'll (re-elected) get *her* out of jail.

As impresario, *Clinton* wins applause
From those who've no more longing for a "cause"
(To make a better world they once would riot
Who now have learn'd it's better to keep quiet):
He brings upon his stage well-wrought tableaux
Of where his bus, while he drives it, will go.
But soft! What's this we see beyond that "bridge"?
A Theme Park? Yes! It's *Hillary Village*!
The land where fed'ral shepherds find each waif,
And every child (after birth) is safe
With mom—who no more has to cry or fret
To get time off for going to the vet—
Day-care providers and a reading tutor,
Where no one fears the *Special Prosecutor*,
And th' only violence punishes *Saddam*
(Too bad if foreign policy's a bomb!)
Or Kurds who, foolishly, on us rely
Who're too far off for us to hear them cry.

—Juvenal

Mrs. McDougal's lawyer now argues that she cannot answer the grand jury's questions because Mr. Starr may charge her with perjury if he's unhappy with her testimony. But perjury is not a crime that's easily proven. In any event, isn't the *risk* of a perjury charge preferable to the *certainty* of prison time for refusing to testify?

Everyone can figure this one out. Mr. Clinton did not testify truthfully and Susan McDougal is willing to do time rather than discuss why. What she's covering up must be very interesting indeed.

What Price FDA Reform?

WHO could argue against the Republican leadership's agenda for streamlining a drug-approval process that exemplifies big government at its worst? Yet, even as the wrangling Food and Drug Administration reform goes down to the wire, the FDA is vigorously pursuing its own agenda. As Commissioner David Kessler extends his reach toward politically popular tobacco prohibition, the FDA is poised to grant final approval to the controversial French abortion pill, RU-486, while sweeping under the rug the sort of long-term hazard it denounces the tobacco industry for denying.

Throughout a well-orchestrated public hearing, the FDA ignored the abundant evidence that thousands of the drug's recipients will end up with breast cancer (see "May Cause Cancer," *NR*, Dec. 25, 1995). At last count, 21 out of the 25 epidemiological studies done around the world over the last 40 years have found an increased incidence of breast cancer in women who chose abortion. But now that Dr. Kessler's advisory committee has rubber-stamped RU-486's application, final approval for it appears imminent, *sans* any warnings about breast cancer.

Of course, Congress has powers of oversight. And as luck would have it, the House Commerce Committee's relevant subcommittee is chaired by pro-life Congressman Joe Barton of Texas. But the leadership to which he answers seems willing to let this golden opportunity for real public scrutiny pass. It would rather let the RU-486 express steam smoothly down the track in order to cut a deal on FDA reform with a grateful President Clinton.

How will such a calculation look when future researchers report a high incidence of breast cancer among young American women who, on the FDA's advice, gave up smoking and took up RU-486? Not good—except that all sides are in on the fix. For the politicians, if not the patients, there's safety in numbers.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I was amused by the reasons you invented for keeping

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your distance from the Internet. Your excuses are merely a few of the symptoms of a mental condition that often afflicts people of your age. The condition is called "old-fartedness."

"Oldfartedness" afflicts people who are faced with something new. The condition is exacerbated when learning is required to use the new thing. It is ameliorated when somebody else does it for you. Latent cases have been detected among people using word processing. This has been attributed to the considerable similarities between using word-processing software and the old, familiar typewriter. However, when the sufferer is asked to incorporate a piece of clip art into a document, full-blown oldfartedness appears.

The Internet is rapidly becoming the library of the world. The wonder of this astonishing resource is that it is accessible to anyone—from the isolated farming community of St. Joseph, Illinois, to the large, resource-rich city of Chicago. And as with any other library, one must learn how to use it before one can reap its maximum benefits.

With Internet access expanding every day throughout the world, it will not be surprising that oldfartedness might reach global epidemic proportions.

Fred Tivin
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Tivin: Oh no, you can't get away with that one. I love all those new inventions. All I said about Internet is that it's hard to learn. So is the piano. When I have mastered it, I'll take on Internet. Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the June 3 issue, Associate Professor Emeritus Edward J. Planz wrote that he was in search of a third English word ending in -gry, to go along with hungry and angry. A lot of work has been done on this question, which has been in circulation for many years. There are no other common English words that end in -gry. The three words most often proposed as candidates are "aggry," "puggry," and just plain "gry." All three can be found in the *OED*.

In your article "Internet—Go with It?" which appears in the same issue, you pondered the value of the Internet as a practical tool for obtaining desired information. In many situations, there are other, faster ways to find an answer. However, it took me only about 15 minutes to find the document "Solution to the /language/english/spelling/gry problem" on the net, using a search engine and several key words. The actual internet address is: http://einstein.et.tudelft.nl/~arlet/puzzles/sol.cgi/language/spelling/gry. A copy of the document is attached. It lists 100 words, phrases, and names ending in -gry, and includes the source reference for each entry. Some words are simply hyphenated items like "dog-hungry" and "ever-angry," while others are variants like "buggry" and "higry pigry." I don't know of another way for me to have laid my hands on this type of information as quickly.

Sinceregry,
A. J. Fisher
FisherAJ@aol.com
(Westminster, Colo.)

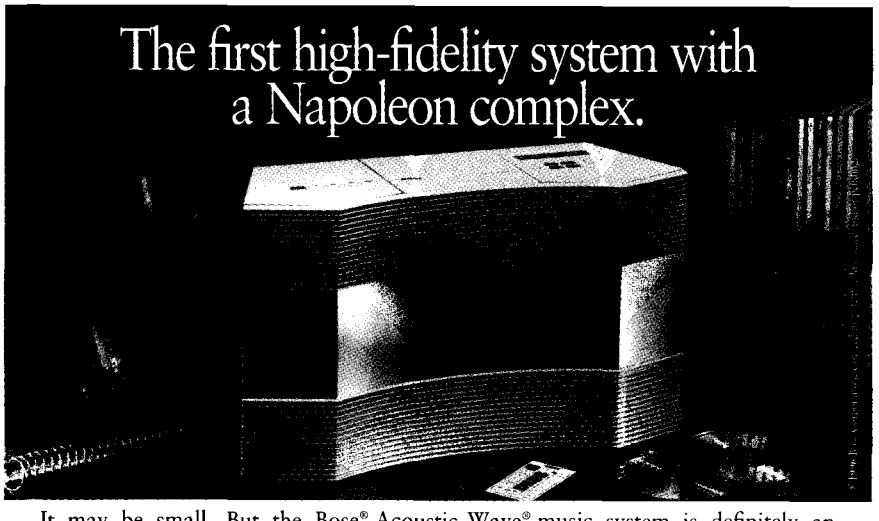
Dear Mr. Fisher: Again, you have me wrong on Internet. What I am trying to say—or did try to say—is that an unfamiliarity with how to manipulate it ends you up with a net loss of time. I am much impressed by the code to "gry." Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently purchased from the NATIONAL REVIEW gift shop a blue *NR* cap. Besides the barber chair, can you warn me of places where it should not be worn?

Best wishes,
E. Roberts Horner
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Mr. Horner: It doesn't work very well at testimonial dinners for *The Nation*. But works fine at testimonial dinners for *The New Republic*. Cordially, **—WFB**



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CAPITAL SCENE

Dole Patrol

RICH LOWRY

CRITICS called the Republican National Convention an infomercial, but San Diego was amateur hour compared to the "Listening to America" forums Bob Dole is holding across the country. In Pittsburgh, a hundred invited guests sit in a warehouse belonging to Gamma Racquet Sports, Inc.—the kind of small business Dole's economic plan is meant to help—listening to Sen. Rick Santorum (R., Pa.) introduce the candidate. The fresh-faced, 38-year-old senator paces with a microphone, explaining what Bob Dole can do for you, right now, money-back guaranteed. He elicits tightly controlled bursts of applause straight from 2 A.M. television. The product could as easily be Frizz-Ease or the Ab-Master as a political program. Before it's over, you expect Richard Simmons to bounce out in skimpy purple shorts and hug the fattest guy who's in favor of a 50 per cent capital-gains tax cut.

Of course, the main attraction isn't the light-on-his-feet Simmons, but Bob Dole, who is anything but. Dole maneuvers through these forums like a high-wire act. He is up there, trying to connect, trying to listen to America, but will he trip? His wit plays well. After the owner of Gamma gives a glowing spiel about his company's tennis products, Dole deadpans: "Nice racket you got here." Everyone laughs. Later, Dole interrupts a rambling questioner, with a smile, but a little snappish: "What's your bottom line?" Watch that edge, Bob. He goes on to explain why regulatory reform didn't pass—"We needed 60 [votes] to cut off the debate"—just bursting to say one of those incomprehensible process words: "cloture." He resists. When a single mom tells how she couldn't get her small business off the ground, Dole begins his answer, "There is a government program . . ." No, Bob! Don't contradict your message by recommending government help! "I know Rick would follow up as far as the SBA is concerned."

Ahhh! But Dole quickly rights himself and talks about creating more private-sector opportunities again. He leaves the crowd of hand-picked Republicans impressed with his straightforwardness. When Dole made this early-September visit—his third recent trip to Pennsylvania—he brought a sharpened tax message. In his Saturday radio address, he told Americans how they are sending on average almost 40 per cent of their income to the government, as much as they spend on food, shelter, and clothing combined. He pounded the IRS, promising to "end [it] as we know it," and spelled out how cutting just a small slice of federal spending—some $10 trillion over the next six years—would pay for the tax cut. He scores Clinton's alternative of "targeted" tax incentives as just another wat "to dictate how you should spend" your money.

It's as about as convincing on taxes as Dole is likely to get. The campaign realizes it has lost traction on the tax front—polls show people by a narrow margin trusting Clinton more than Dole on the issue—and it has to punch a message through with more immediacy for the average person. The campaign (or at least what seems to be the dominant faction at the moment) is convinced that one reason the plan hasn't taken off is that public awareness of it is still low. Hammering relentlessly on it in coming weeks—with occasional jabs on an issue like drugs—will boost those numbers, goes the theory, and inevitably Dole's overall numbers as well. The model is Christine Todd Whitman's New Jersey campaign in 1993, when a singleminded focus on taxes paid off, but only at campaign's end. So while all of GOP Washington panics at Clinton's renewed 15–20 point lead, the Dole campaign seems ready to stay the course.

There's no doubt Dole's tax plan still has untapped potential. The question is whether it has enough. The New Jersey model, for instance, has flaws. Christine Whitman benefited from a huge GOP get-out-the-vote effort, while incumbent Jim Florio, still suffering from lingering unpopularity, ignored his base. Dole, on the other hand, faces depressed GOP turnout and is squaring off against a President with nearly 60 per cent approval ratings. Dole is also trying to sell an economic message in an economy growing at a 4.2 per cent pace last quarter, with an unemployment rate at its lowest in seven years. It's an indication of how hard the GOP has to stretch for bad news that the RNC recently issued a press release on declining construction spending. On the social front—fertile ground for the GOP—Dole has been disarmed by both the GOP Congress, which kicked away issues like crime, and Dick Morris, who helped the President snatch them up.

Dole is left half a candidate. In a packed gym at the University of Scranton, he is greeted by an enthusiastic, sweaty throng of more than a thousand locals and pompom-waving students as the sound system blasts jazzy riffs from the Blues

Roman Genn

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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Brothers sound-track. Dole keeps up the energy with slashing and amusing attacks on Clinton on taxes, which go on for perhaps a bit too long. Then what? He talks about drugs. The Dole campaign swears this is a cutting issue, particularly with women; focus groups of 15 women sympathetic toward Clinton will reportedly leave after hearing the drug message loathing the President. But the crowd in the gym isn't particularly moved; drugs is simply not a defining issue. Can Dole get mileage from it? "If they can prove the President is on drugs now," says political analyst Stuart Rothenberg, "they may have a chance."

The problem isn't that Dole is too hardened or bitter really, but that he's too brittle

But Dole still has an energetic crowd when he moves to his speech's close. "Let me just say this," Dole intones, a bleacher full of students yelling behind him. "This is America, the greatest country on the face of the Earth." It's an utterly banal line. But there's still something moving about it from Dole—he means it, and proved it somewhere in Italy fifty years ago. This, then, is where Dole can close the deal, making up for his charisma gap with an emotional evocation of his small-town life and service to country. But Dole keeps stepping on the mood. When he mentions Russell, Kansas, he motions to fellow Russell native Sen. Arlen Specter (R., Pa.), on the stage with him: "Arlen and I grew up there little different times. He's much, much younger . . . But nobody gets old there. But, in any event . . ." Then Dole says he "wasn't born with this suit on." Well, he pauses: "Come to think of it I wasn't born with any suit on."

Dole seems emotionally incapable—except in rare instances—of playing on his past effectively. The asides and quips always distance himself from himself. The problem isn't that Dole is too hardened or bitter really, but that he's too brittle. Watching him, in front of the Pittsburgh forum, standing with his arms crossed, his left hand holding what seems to be an almost empty right sleeve, brings home again the grievous nature of Dole's wound. There's a vulnerability to him. Dole choked up during his convention speech just saying he loved his father. To his eternal credit, it would simply be impossible for him to make the excruciatingly managed play on emotion of Al Gore talking about his sister. Dole, beneath it all, is a man of such deep feelings that they aren't readily available for manipulation, a fact that contributes to his image as the candidate of coldness.

Which in turn contributes to his poor showing among women. The campaign considers the conservative base locked up with the tax plan and the choice of Kemp as VP, and is concentrating on re-capturing women and GOP moderates. The focus on jobs and small business is considered attractive to women, increasingly the owners of small start-ups. Drugs, again, are considered a women's issue. So is education, a topic Dole treats well on the stump: he asks rhetorically why all parents in America shouldn't have the same ability as the President to send their children to private schools, and he shellacs the teachers' unions. The real danger of Dole's play for moderates is that it scares the campaign off the kind of wedge issues that polarize the electorate along liberal–conservative lines and send "Reagan Democrats" scurrying to the GOP.

The issue of race preferences is the foremost example. The Dole campaign doesn't think it polls well. And it is afraid of the issue's "volatility." But when you're 15 points behind, volatility is a good thing: stock-market crashes, hostage crises—bring them on! More fundamentally, the preference issue goes to the half of the campaign that has been missing so far. Dole's best-received non-tax line on the stump is when he vows that he, not Boutros Boutros-Ghali, will make decisions about committing U.S. troops to combat. Sound familiar? It's a straight lift from Pat Buchanan. Dole has adopted the Steve Forbes line on taxes; now he needs Buchanan's on the social issues (or at least Gingrich's circa 1994). With crime and welfare essentially neutralized, Dole can still talk about multiculturalism, bilingual education, illegitimacy, and even abortion to get to the differences between the parties. In Scranton, for the first time since his nomination, Dole hit on partial-birth abortion; he did it only after prodding by Senator Santorum on the trip from Washington, but it was a step toward appealing to Catholic swing voters.

Dole needs them desperately if he is going to negotiate a tough-looking electoral map. His aides figure he has to win everything from Idaho east to Minnesota, with the exception perhaps of Montana and New Mexico. Then he has to sweep the South, with the exception of Louisiana and Arkansas, but definitely including Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky (Clinton states in 1992). Only then can Dole afford to lose California and almost all of the Northeast. The key battleground states would be Pennsylvania (where he is down by 14 points), New Jersey (down by 13), Ohio (down by 6), Michigan (down by 10), and Iowa (down by 14). Any Dole strategy looks like a fairy tale as long as he is 15 points behind nationally, with even must-win Florida breaking for Clinton. But the campaign takes solace in the fact that twice in the campaign—once in June, once in August after the GOP convention—Clinton's big lead collapsed. That is evidence, they maintain, that when voters truly focus on their choice, it's a tight race.

THE question is whether they will ever again get the focus they want. In Pittsburgh, Dole had just zipped off a line about the teachers' unions, when right outside the door of the warehouse a cargo train began to rumble by on a railroad bridge. It made it hard to hear, as car after car rolled by. Here was Dole, standing with a microphone, just a man, again getting drowned out by forces beyond his control: whether it's the White House unblinkingly selling Clinton as a conservative, or an economy humming along nicely, or, in the previous week, the missile attack on Iraq, or just a day earlier, Hurricane Fran. Dole handled the situation well: "That's the bridge to the future," he said, gesturing outside the door, "more taxes, more drugs, etc." The crowd laughed, but the symbolism seemed—appropriately enough—pretty ominous.

The Dole campaign, despite everything, recently contacted Ed Meese for advice on putting together a presidential transition. Give Dole credit: maybe he really is the most optimistic man in America. □

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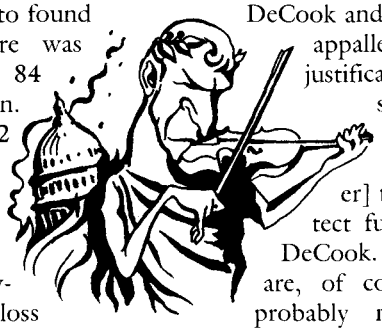
BREAD & CIRCUSES

THIS fall's most important congressional vote for the Dole campaign will take place in the third week of September when the House will try to override the President's veto of the bill banning partial-birth abortions. This debate will emphasize the gulf between a President who defends this method of late abortion, and the American public, which overwhelmingly opposes it. A Wirthlin poll taken a month after the veto found that when the procedure was described to respondents, 84 per cent supported the ban. Until then, however, 72 per cent had not known about the controversy at all. Bill Clinton's popularity rests on this ignorance. And it remains buoyant because the media gloss over the details of this gruesome procedure and swallow the outright phony medical arguments in its defense.



"A laboratory experiment in media bias," is how Doug Johnson, legislative director of National Right to Life, describes the battle. Johnson is experienced enough not to expect sympathetic treatment in the press. On this occasion, though, he thought the weight of evidence showing the procedure to be unnecessary and dangerous would force opponents to confront the reality of "choice": namely, risking a woman's life to kill a child in the process of being born. But even after hours of testimony by medical experts, floor debates with graphic diagrams, and press releases detailing uncontradicted medical evidence, Johnson complains that "more than half of our effort remains trying to get unfiltered coverage."

Even the media's favorite doctor, former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, has stated that partial-birth abortions are never medically necessary. "I believe that Mr. Clinton was misled by his medical advisors on what is fact and what is fiction in reference to late-term abortions," he explains in *American Medical News*. But his opinion has gone unnoticed by the media, even though it is shared by hundreds of doctors in the fields of obstetrics, gynecology, and perinatology who have formed the Physicians' Ad-hoc Coalition for Truth (PHACT).

Dr. Joseph DeCook, a founding member, declares: "It is a maverick medical procedure made up by maverick doctors for the purpose of delivering a dead fetus." Indeed, it is because the procedure poses serious risks to women that DeCook and his colleagues are so appalled at the President's justification. "Clinton has said this procedure is necessary to prevent 'ripping [the mother] to shreds' and to protect future fertility," states DeCook. "Both contentions are, of course, incorrect and probably merit the adjective absurd."

The PHACT doctors, who label partial-birth abortions "barbaric" and "a hideous travesty of medical care," have placed TV and print ads urging Congress to override the veto. Dr. Pamela Cook, Director of Medical Education in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Chicago, reports that her medical colleagues who *support* abortion rights "were horrified to learn that such a procedure was even legal."

But they are up against what Doug Johnson sees as the media's "tremendous will to believe certain things." When CBS's *60 Minutes* did a story on these late-term abortions, not a single doctor opposed to the procedure appeared onscreen, even though members of PHACT had been interviewed. Following the President's veto in April, Johnson's office contacted the *Washington Post's* Ann Devroy to offer her background material on the controversy. She informed them she had no need of their information and filed a story asserting that the procedure was medically indicated in certain cases.

Significantly, the media rarely describe partial-birth abortion, which they primly call "a certain late-term procedure." They also routinely misinform the public by claiming it is used only to deal with severe fetal abnormalities or to prevent serious harm to women. One AP dispatch questioned whether the procedure even existed.

Despite such coverage, Congress has reportedly received some 6 million postcards generated by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. According to a chagrined Planned Parenthood memo, one House office received 9,000 postcards and 600 letters opposed to the President and only a single letter supporting him.

As Mary Kenny reports from Britain (page 23), decent people who have been anesthetized by high-minded rhetoric about abortion rights are repelled when confronted by what it means in practice. There was a similar story in Australia. When the Labor government refused to ban partial-birth abortions (widely publicized, incidentally, as being performed by Planned Parenthood's medical director), they became a major issue in February's election. The National–Liberal coalition, which had condemned them, won.

WILL the veto be overturned? In the House, pro-life lobbyists predict a close victory. In the Senate, Pat Moynihan opposes partial-birth abortion as "too close to infanticide," and there are signs that Arlen Specter and a few others might switch their votes. But the likelihood is that Mr. Clinton's veto will be upheld—unless pro-lifers can break through the media blackout.

Bob Dole could do so simply by describing the procedure ("a brutal killing of a child in the process of being born"). Indeed, Clinton's support for it should be a central point for Dole in the debates. By citing the available authorities, Dole would recruit Dr. Koop, Senator Moynihan, the Pope, and America's Catholic Cardinals to his side in the debate. This is a story the media could not avoid covering, even if they were to wrap Dole's account of partial-birth abortions in hostile editorializing.

Would such boldness work? In April, when Dole charged that Clinton's veto of the ban "had pushed the limits of decency too far," the President was visibly shaken. This time, viewers might have to adjust their TV sets for the redness of the President's face, but they'll stay tuned to see just how he justifies infanticide.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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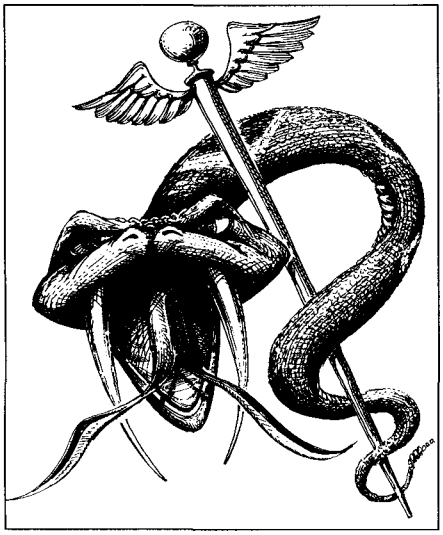
ON THE SCENE

Death before Birth

MARY KENNY



Dennis Dittrich

LONDON

THE historian Robert Skidelsky once mused that it is not always in our power to *plan* social and moral changes in our society, for we do not know what is going to happen next: but events themselves will lead the way, or illuminate truths we already know. During the month of August, a series of events in the United Kingdom was quite extraordinarily illuminating for the future of the pro-life movement.

People in the pro-life movement had pointed out, repeatedly, that the 1967 Abortion Act had become corrupted and abused. This piece of legislation, which was ostensibly enacted as a last resort for mothers in difficult and pitiful circumstances—Thalidomide became, indirectly, a powerful advocate for legalizing abortion—had dwindled to little but a rubber stamp for abortion on demand. (The Act itself carefully specifies that the termination of a pregnancy may be lawfully carried out only if the health of the mother is threatened, or if two doctors judge that it would be more hazardous for the woman to continue the pregnancy than to terminate it. But then it can, of course, be argued that it is *always* more dangerous to continue a pregnancy than not to do so, on the same principle that it is more dangerous to get up in the morning than to stay in bed.)

The original legislation said nothing about "the woman's right to choose"—in fact, the phrase was not in common use at the time—but by the 1980s that was how the Act was being used. Abortion had become a consumer-led demand procedure, like ear-piercing, and minors often had to get more elaborate documentation of parental permission for ear-piercing than for termination of pregnancy.

But it has, over the past 15 years, been very difficult for the pro-life movement in the United Kingdom ever to get a hearing in the mainstream media, or anything but faint-hearted parliamentary support, even from Conservatives. Margaret Thatcher was never interested in the abortion issue, and indeed voted in favor. As a journalist, I have been aware of how many significant stories exist in the whole field of pro-life activity—the Asian girls running away from home for fear of being forced into abortions, for example, and the flowering of a small pro-life hospital in Liverpool—but I was also aware of how unreceptive the social atmosphere was: even huge rallies at Parliament attracted no media coverage at all. Then, in the first week of August, the Skidelsky theme was suddenly illustrated by an event: a shocking event to most of the population. A woman who was pregnant with twins was reported, in the *Sunday Express*, as seeking an abortion of one of the twins at 16 weeks. "Miss B" was healthy, the babies were healthy, but it was said that she was a poor, single mother "in straitened circumstances" with one child already who felt that she could not cope with two more babies.

The story came from an enterprising interview carried out with a gynecologist at the esteemed Queen Charlotte's hospital by a reporter named Caroline Phillips—and just as another illustration of the hostility of the social atmosphere, the reporter herself was subsequently blackballed off the upper-class ladies' charity committee of the hospital for causing the hospital embarrassment by revealing what was going on. The doctor in question, Professor Phillip Bennett, was, incidentally, described as a conscientious Christian who felt no conflict between his faith and ethics, and performing convenience abortions.

However, there was a public uproar when the story broke: it was the *event* in itself that so dramatically caught the public imagination. What a dreadful thing, that a mother was so poor that she was inclined to abort one of her children. Couldn't she be helped? Couldn't she be financially supported? Couldn't one of the twins, at least, be adopted? There was a genuine, spontaneous public response, and both Life, and the Society for the Protection of Unborn Children—the two principal pro-life groups in Britain—found themselves the focus of this public response. Something in the region of £60,000 was pledged, virtually overnight. The pro-abortion people could only mutter that it was an outrageous breach of medical confidentiality that the story should come out at all: a somewhat Pharisaical comment in the light of skillful media manipulation from the same sources when the case suited them. Curious, too, how the liberals who call constantly for "open government" and "transparency in public life" cry "breach of confidence" when the issue does not play to their purpose.

Another event at the beginning of August had also worried the public conscience: the deliberate destruction of more than three thousand unclaimed embryos held by the Human Embryo and Fertilization Authority.

These embryos were extinguished according to a statute of limitations which decreed that after five years "unwanted" embryos had to be destroyed. Professor Ian Craft, one of the most acclaimed of British fertility specialists and director of the London Fertility and Gynecology Center, com-

Miss Kenny is a columnist for the London Daily Express, *and the author of* Abortion: The Whole Story *(Quartet Books, London, 1986).*

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pared the forgetfulness of those who had overlooked an old embryo with people who may not remember that they have a small postal savings account somewhere. But if, for professors of gynecology, embryos are just another commodity, again, for the general public there was a feeling of discomfort, and even commentators not generally sympathetic to the pro-life cause voiced hand-wringing malaise. "For years it has been enormously difficult for liberal, kindly people to express qualms about the way we treat new life," wrote Libby Purves in the *Times* on August 6. "The propaganda of 'pro-life' organizations is loathsome; what good does it do to torment vulnerable women with horror pictures? Churchmen have been either fuzzily for-

If abortion is simply about the right to choose, then it is perfectly reasonable that a woman may choose to terminate the life of a fully formed twin

giving or patriarchally insulting . . . The majority of us blank out the truth about how cavalierly we treat the unborn, and how illogical it is to set an arbitrary date for the birth of a soul. But it may be time we looked steadily at it all."

Later in that first week of August, it was revealed that the proposed abortion on the unborn twin had been carried out some months previously, so the money offered to assist the mother was for naught. Later again, something of the real truth emerged: Miss B, the mother of the aborted twin, revealed, herself, via the *Daily Express*, that she was not in fact a poor single mother in straitened circumstances. She was a reasonably well-off married woman. There was no medical reason for the abortion and no reason of pressing social circumstances either.

"Even normally stalwart supporters of a woman's right to choose began to wonder if this was an abortion too far," wrote Margarette Driscoll and Lois Rogers in the *Sunday Times* on August 11. It was certainly bad publicity, but on the other hand, it was the perfectly logical conclusion of "the right to choose."

If abortion is simply about the woman's right to choose, then it is perfectly reasonable that a woman may choose to terminate the life of a fully formed twin. Living twins, or singletons who had lost a twin at birth or in infancy, were especially disturbed by the whole story, wondering what the impact on the surviving twin would be—but then the "woman's right to choose" says nothing about the impact on surviving children, does it? How well I remember Helen Gurley Brown of *Cosmopolitan* saying: "There are no ethical issues in abortion." There is just the woman's right to choose.

It has often been difficult for pro-life advocates to illustrate this point by argument, by the democratic process, by lobbying—partly because of the pariah status that pro-life lobbyists have in Britain ("loathsome," as Libby Purves wrote). But events have unfolded in a way which aptly illustrates the issue.

In classical drama, events occurred in threes, and the third extraordinary life issue which hit the headlines was when, in the second week of August, it was announced that a woman in Birmingham was expecting octuplets through an assisted pregnancy somewhat casually achieved. Mandy Allwood, aged 31, divorced, mother of a 5-year-old child, had procured from her doctor a prescription for a fertility drug, since she desired to have another child with her lover, Paul Hudson (who has two children with another woman with whom he lives episodically). She took the fertility drug, had sexual intercourse at the time of maximum fertility (when she had been advised not to do so), and conceived eight babies.

Another outcry followed, and in this case it was more about the inappropriateness of the National Health Service supplying fertility drugs to a woman who was not previously infertile, and who was not really established in what is called a "stable relationship" (now that marriage is going out of fashion). A pro-life angle rose, however, when Miss Allwood was publicly advised by fertility specialists—notably Dr. Kypros Nicolaides at Kings College Hospital in London—to reduce the number of babies she was expecting by selective abortion, and the sensationalist (but sharp-witted) *News of the World* offered the lady a large sum of money to continue the pregnancy uninterrupted. So far, the pregnancy of all eight has continued, making Miss Allwood an unlikely kind of pro-life heroine.

The common theme in all these events, and in many related areas such as surrogate pregnancy and genetic engineering, goes back to the technology of abortion (which, of course, brought an entirely new kind of doctor into the field of gynecology and obstetrics), and to the principle of "the right to choose." People must have the right to be fertile when they please, and the right to reverse their fertility when they please, and the right to dispose of their embryos when they have forgotten what they wanted in the first place. These trends have been known to people in the pro-life movement for some time, but it has taken stories, dramas, events to bring home to the general public that the abortion culture really does have serious ethical and philosophical consequences. The British do not like to be embarrassed; not for them the awkward, "brash" American style of bringing abortion right into the center of politics. But once a serious debate is engaged by a fortunately sensationalist press, the seeds of the debate will eventually bear fruit.

And there is every prospect that a serious attempt will be made in Parliament to amend the 1967 Act to appease public uneasiness about the "consumer-choice" approach to abortion that has developed.

THERE may even be some support from elements in the medical profession. John Wyatt, senior lecturer in neonatal pediatrics at University College Hospital in London, says that for many doctors the pressures of doing abortions, while at the same time absorbing the ever-growing canon of information about fetal development, can be highly stressful. "In a democratic society it is not reasonable to expect abortion to be banned," he has said, illustrating how important parliamentary rules really are, "but I am worried about the fundamental inconsistency of a system which sees a sophisticated procedure for saving life going on in one operating theater and a similar procedure being used to destroy a fetus in the one next door." One solution Dr. Wyatt proposes is splitting up the health service into "pro-choice" and "pro-life" hospitals—an extraordinary kind of apartheid, really, and a tacit admission that healing and harming human life are basically incompatible in good medicine.

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There are active Conservative MPs, notably Mrs. Ann Winterton and Dame Jill Knight (as well as the laudable Liberal Democrat David Alton, regrettably quitting Parliament at the next election), who will press for reform on the liberal abortion law in the next session; but in Britain, it is always necessary for the cultural change to precede, or support, any parliamentary change. And while the energy and dedication of the pro-life groups have contributed much to the debate, the course of events has been the necessary illuminator.

The course of events in the future will, I suggest, be enormously influenced, and enhanced, by research on the sensate life of the unborn child, and the extraordinary growing awareness, assisted by computer imaging and ultrasound techniques, of the humanity of the child in the womb. Technology does have a frightening Brave New World aspect, but it is also transforming the abortion debate in a positive way.

Who can ever argue, as the feminists did in the 1970s, that abortion was just about a clump of undifferentiated cells, or a blob of jelly? That—never again. □

Savimbi's Strategy

MARC THIESSEN

BAILUNDO, ANGOLA

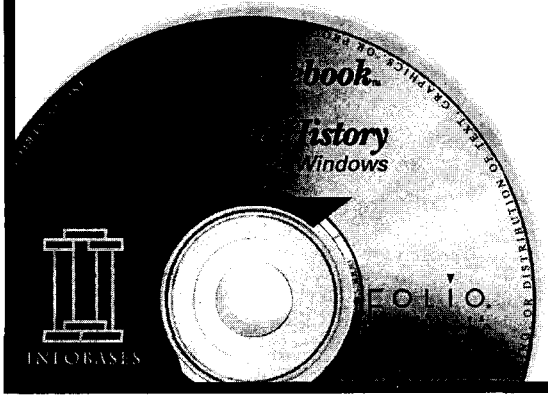
PEACE may finally be at hand in Angola, but here in that war-scarred nation's central highlands, reminders of the 20-year civil war are everywhere. On the rocky dirt road that leads from UNITA's headquarters in Bailundo to the UN camp in Londuimbale, the charred carcasses of military vehicles litter the roadside. Every building we pass either is a bombed-out shell, or is in the course of being patched up. In the villages, children play on burned-out cars, the remnants of nearly two decades of destruction, their macabre playground.

Despite the calm, Angola remains a divided nation. In the town of Villa Nova, my guide, Kassik (Jonas Savimbi's nephew), points down a road and tells me that just 15 minutes away lies an MPLA checkpoint and the beginning of government territory. When I suggest we go down there, he laughs and shakes his head—it is not possible; we would be arrested.

This fall, however, reunification is set to begin. UNITA has nearly completed the process of cantoning and disarming its troops, as agreed to in the Lusaka Protocol, and now has roughly 50,000 of its 62,500-man army in squalid UN camps scattered throughout the country. In June, UNITA and the government tentatively began the process of selecting soldiers from these camps to fill the ranks of a new, unified national army. Once

Mr. Thiessen, spokesman for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, recently returned from a visit to UNITA-held territory in Angola. The views expressed here are his own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the Committee.

THE ONLY THING LIBERAL ABOUT THIS CD IS THE SHEER VOLUME OF CONTENT.



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this process is under way the two sides are set to begin forming a Government of National Unity.

On paper this sounds good, but below the surface the tensions and mistrust remain thick. The military integration has gotten off to a slow start, and the integration of the government is at a virtual standstill. Reuniting the country remains an even harder task. At some point, under the peace accords, UNITA will be completely disarmed and the MPLA will come in and take control—in Bailundo, as well as in Villa Nova, Andulo, and other areas currently contracted by UNITA. Then, in theory, the former enemies will begin the joint administration of the country.

In his heavily fortified office in Andulo one warm fall night, President Savimbi pauses and smiles broadly when asked whether he will turn this city over to the MPLA. Yes, he says, he will. This time, there is no going back to war. UNITA is committed to peace, and to a government of national reconciliation.

But how far UNITA will go in this process is still a question—one whose answer may lie less with Savimbi than with the MPLA government. The MPLA must decide how much of a partner they want to make of Jonas Savimbi, and for all the talk of cooperation, they clearly have not yet determined how closely they are willing to embrace their former enemy. For example, the MPLA offered UNITA a vice presidency in the new unity government, and President Dos Santos stated his preference that Savimbi take the post himself. But Dos Santos has hedged on giving Savimbi any real power or responsibilities, and Savimbi says he has no intention of taking a ceremonial post.

"When we last met, I asked President Dos Santos what will be the responsibilities of the vice president. He said he will be an advisor to the president, a member of the Council of the Republic, and will sit in all cabinet meetings.

"I don't have time to sit around in meetings," Savimbi says, "I am a very active man."

If UNITA is to enter a unity government, it expects to be a full partner in the governance of the country. "Nobody lost the war," says Alcides Sakala Simones, UNITA's foreign minister, over lunch in a Bailundo guest house. He repeats it three times for emphasis. "UNITA accepts this. But does the government?"

If it doesn't, it should. UNITA's recent 30th-anniversary celebration in Bailundo sent a clear message to the MPLA: after twenty years of war, Savimbi is still standing. And with the strong support of his base among the country's rural Ovimbundu majority, it is likely he will be a force in Angola for many years to come. The question for the MPLA and the international community is whether they want Savimbi to be the De Klerk of Angola, or the Buthelezi.

Savimbi told me that he would probably accept the vice presidency if it is a "functional" office with concrete responsibilities. Specifically he said he wanted to be put in charge of the reintegration of his forces into civil society and agricultural development, which he says the government is neglecting.

Roman Genn

"The government's focus is on oil and diamonds," he says. "But Angola also has great agricultural potential. We have enough rains and fertile soil. But agriculture has been left at the same stage as when the Portuguese left (in 1975)." Savimbi's green thumb is motivated more by political than strictly agrarian interests. His power base is rural, and taking responsibility for agriculture would help him consolidate his support among this base, and to give UNITA some independence from Luanda.

"We need to move power to the regions," says UNITA Foreign Minister Alcides. "Today, Luanda is everything, the provinces are nothing. Those living in rich areas—with oil and diamonds—are very poor. People in the provinces need to get the benefits of local wealth." If UNITA can deliver the benefits of local wealth, it will increase is popularity at the expense of the MPLA.

The current government's mandate expires in November, and President Dos Santos wants to extend it, putting off elections until 2002. Savimbi says he wants to begin the transition to democracy immediately, starting with local elections, then adding legislative elections next year, and finally presidential elections in two or three years. Again, by starting at the local level, UNITA can ensure that its rural base is fully registered and has experience participating in the democratic process. UNITA believes it can win local elections, which would help it assert a level of autonomy in regions where Savimbi is popular—and then build upward.

Since his heyday in the 1980s, when he was feted as one of the leading "freedom fighters" of the Reagan Doctrine, Savimbi's democratic credentials have been questioned by many (including the editors of this magazine).

But whether Savimbi is motivated by Jeffersonian ideals, or by a practical recognition that continued war is unviable, is not so important. What *is* important is that he seems to have devised a strategy for taking power in Angola *by democratic means*—by bringing home pork, and building his popular support at the grassroots.

But UNITA will not follow through with this strategy if it believes the MPLA is not going to play fair—and UNITA does not currently seem to believe that the MPLA will. "The elimination of Jonas Savimbi is a permanent goal to the MPLA, even now," says Paulo "Gato" Lukamba, UNITA's charismatic secretary general. Both he and Savimbi tell me there have been three serious attempts on the UNITA leader's life since 1994.

Adding to this frustration, UNITA perceives an enormous imbalance in U.S. policy toward their country. Indeed, one UNITA official after another complains that all the pressure from the U.S. is on them—to canton their troops, to bring them into the quartering areas, to disarm. Where, they ask, is the pressure on the government?

"The U.S. has created the impression that peace depends solely on the disarmament of UNITA," says Gato. "But

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UNITA is the only one making concessions. What are the responsibilities of the MPLA?"

The responsibilities of the MPLA, as laid out in the Lusaka Protocol, are to expel its foreign mercenaries (who are widely credited with turning the tide of the war against UNITA); to withdraw its troops to the nearest barracks and quarter its elite Rapid Reaction Forces (or *Ninjas*); and to disarm the civilian population in Luanda, 700,000 of whom received arms from the government as the war resumed in 1992. But UNITA charges that, while the U.S. looks the other way, the MPLA is hiding the mercenaries in country, is keeping its forces in offensive positions, and has taken no concrete steps to disarm civilians in Luanda.

ACTION by the MPLA on these unresolved issues is critical. While it is probable that UNITA has kept some sort of a military "cushion" in case the peace process goes wrong, it will at some point reach the "point of no return," when it will be militarily exposed, and unable to defend itself against a new government offensive. And Gato, the secretary general, says UNITA will not pass that point unless the MPLA takes steps to show its good faith and meet its commitments.

But does the MPLA really want peace? Savimbi says he believes President Dos Santos and his group do want the process to succeed, but that other factions within the government do not—namely the Communist apparatchiks, who fear that in a state of peace their privileges will be lost and their corruption exposed, and the military, who still want to eliminate UNITA.

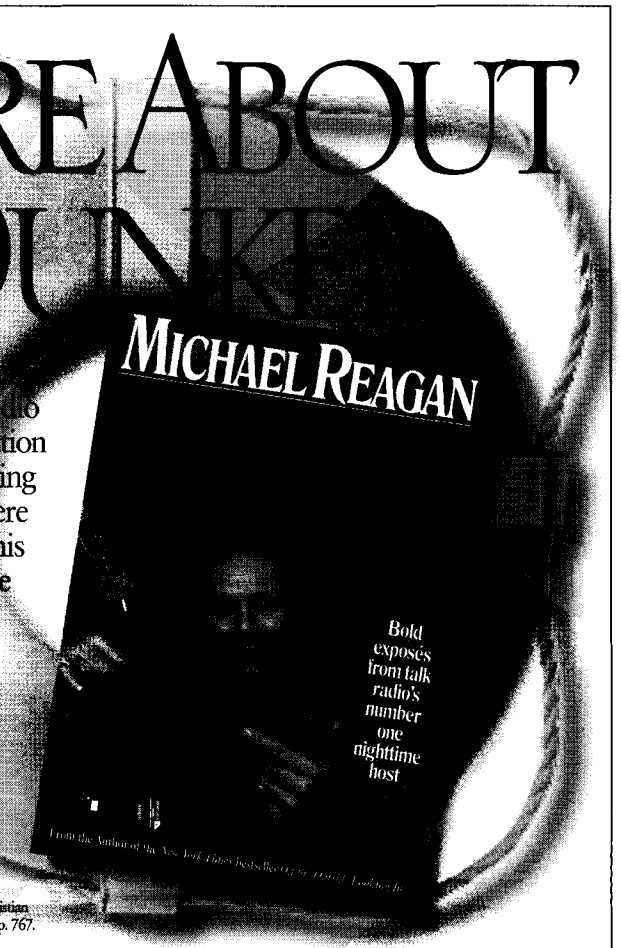
Savimbi, for his part, also has internal pressures to contend with—a fact acknowledged by Clinton Administration officials. Savimbi made clear to me he had a tough time convincing UNITA's military to accept the Lusaka Protocol, which he said they consider "unjust and unbalanced." "They said to me: 'We soldiers did not lose the war,'" Savimbi recalls. But, he says, he told his generals that no one in the world would support them if they rejected Lusaka.

For better or for worse, Savimbi is the only thing standing between the MPLA and a one-party state in Angola. But the opportunities to do so are quickly slipping away. After months of waiting for the government to define the responsibilities of the vice president, UNITA announced at its Party Congress last month that Savimbi would not take the post himself, but would instead appoint a lieutenant. Clinton Administration sources say they still have hopes that Savimbi can be persuaded to change his mind when he meets Dos Santos this month. But UNITA officials say this is unlikely. They plan to send their top officials not to the unity government, but to the parliament in Luanda. Savimbi, they say, will concentrate on building the party.

The question, then, is this: Will the Clinton Administration put pressure on the MPLA to reach out to Savimbi, bring him into the process, and create conditions which allow UNITA to seek power through the democratic process? Or will they play into the hands of the hard-liners, forcing Savimbi into the Buthelezi role, when what Angola needs is a De Klerk—and then blame him when peace fails? The coming weeks will tell. □

LIBERALS ARE ABOUT TO GET DUNKED

Michael Reagan, the son of former President Ronald Reagan, is the host of America's number one nighttime radio talk show. Two million daily listeners count on his combination of conviction, stubbornness, wit, and determination to bring them news and conservative views they can't find anywhere else. Now in his new book, *Making Waves,* Reagan is at his hard-hitting best with well-researched commentary on the challenges facing our country. It's as colorful and compelling as its author is. Also available on audio read by the author.



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GEKKO

AS OFTEN happens after a merger announcement, the shares of Worldcom took a tumble after the announcement of the company's combination with MFS Communications. Worldcom is a long-distance phone company whose telephone salespeople do not interrupt you at dinnertime. It specializes in serving commercial users, and has been grabbing market share from its bigger competitors. MFS Communications operates local fiber-optic networks that compete with companies such as the Baby Bells, and owns UUNet, an Internet service provider.

I'd always thought of Worldcom as takeover fodder for one of the Bells when they went into the long-distance business. Now it seems that the merged company will be a power on its own.

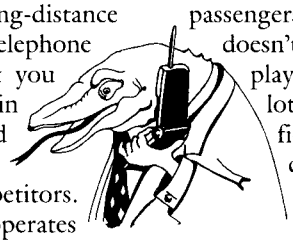
What really drew my attention was when a friend of mine who's an insider with another major phone company told me he had been buying Worldcom shares after the merger announcement. I asked him why he was buying.

"They've got the phone company you'd want, because they've got the customers you want. Just the big users. They don't have the households, the public. Those customers are death to profits."

■ In a way I'm surprised Dick Morris didn't become a hedge-fund manager after his recent career change. Were he on Wall Street, that's what would have happened. There's certainly a lot of room out there for new talent.

Jim Bianco of Arbor Trading tells me that the conductor on his Chicago commuter train has set up his own limited partnership, or hedge fund, with the usual profit participation for the conductor/manager. At this writing the fund has assets in the high five-digit range. The conductor recently sold out a winning position in K-Mart. "He seems to be a technical momentum player," Jim says. "He showed me a list of his latest ideas on the back of a playing card, but they were mostly small NASDAQ stocks, the kind with four or five letters in the symbol, and I couldn't really give him any good advice."

Given that the conductor might have an information edge from overhearing conversations from his well-connected passengers, who are we to say he doesn't have a chance? But the playing card doesn't give me a lot of confidence. Maybe the field is getting a little overcrowded.



■ It now seems likely that the European Monetary Union will fail after its inauguration in 1999 rather than before. But that depends more than anything on the course of the French economy from now through the end of next year. If the French fail to pull out of their chronic, self-inflicted recession, then the budget deficit will remain too high even if the government is able to push through the most difficult spending cuts. Then Chancellor Kohl will have a hard time persuading his fellow countrymen to link their economy with a failed state-dominated economy as their own is gradually recovering.

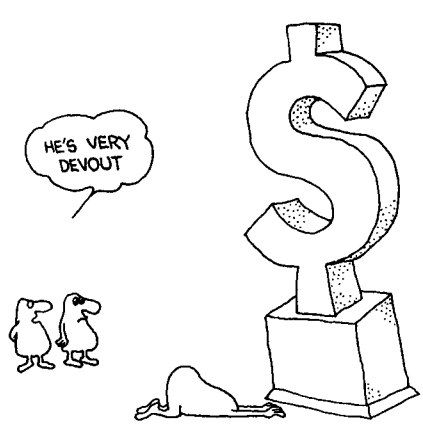
As regular readers know, I, along with my fellow editors, am strongly opposed to EMU. To begin with, EMU is intended in part to be an anti-American union. French officials have been explicit about this; their German counterparts more diplomatic. But even from the point of view of European self-interest, EMU is bound to fail. It is a back-door attempt to save the failing Social Democratic welfare states by turning them into a superstate.

In the long run, the whole EMU project should be welcomed by the speculator community, because its failure will create all sorts of opportunities for betting against the official line.

Take for example the report out early this month from Goldman Sachs in London that the creation of the European Central Bank will lead to a selloff in gold and the dollar. "In essence the level of reserves necessary for the ECB and the national central banks to achieve the same cover as provided by existing reserves within the EU is significantly lower," was the Goldman line.

According to the plan, the ECB will have reserves of 50 billion ECU, or $40 billion, contributed by the member states. That leaves $35 billion to $60 billion in reserves, mostly dollars and gold, left in the hands of the national central banks. If you follow the Goldman thesis, this pile of assets will be of no use to the countries holding them, and will be dumped on the market.

Oh really? Now what if the EMU experiment fails, when the ECU turns out to be less stable than its predecessors, and then the national electorates realize they've been linked together in a high-unemployment, slow-growth system? As the EMU is unwound, the Europeans will have to re-establish their national currencies. Then those reserves of gold and dollars will turn out to be rather more useful than Goldman and its friends in Brussels conceive. If the EMU goes forward, that's a buy signal for gold and the dollar, because the European currency will not be as attractive as a reserve asset as the separate currencies are even now.



■ It's too bad that shares of ValuJet are hard to borrow for short-selling, because I still don't think its prospects are terribly good. While the price continues to be propped up by speculators covering their short positions, think about this: VJet must dispose of much of its fleet of DC-9 aircraft. But it was VJet's own purchases that kept up the prices of old "Nines." What kind of writeoff will they have to take? And what about the $240 million of debt the airline carries? VJet may not have either the cash flow or sufficient proceeds from asset sales to pay it down on time. I could be wrong. There might be an Easter bunny after all.

—JOHN DIZARD

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INSIDE THE DONKEY

Left Out

Liberals stayed out of sight at the Democratic convention, but they are waiting in the wings.

RONALD RADOSH

THE Democratic Party's television production in Chicago is over, and since it was a Dick Morris–orchestrated family-values funfest, whatever politics took place during the four days occurred outside the new United Center arena. And those politics took place on the political Left. Polls, such as the recent *New York Times*/CBS News poll, have consistently noted that the delegates to the Chicago convention were unrepresentative not only of the population at large, but of most registered Democrats. While only 16 per cent of voters at large, and 27 per cent of Democrats, describe themselves as liberals, a whopping 43 per cent of delegates to the Democratic convention so describe themselves.

These liberals were anything but happy with the path taken by Bill Clinton. Had they had their way, the President would, for example, have vetoed the welfare-reform bill. But the liberals at the convention were in the uneasy situation of having to sit on their haunches and cheer the President, who gave them platitudes and bromides, and urge his election anyway.

The liberal delegates were treated to two of their favorites, Jesse Jackson and Mario Cuomo—but their speeches were slated for the 7 P.M time slot, so that the prime-time network audience would not be subjected to their old-style liberalism. Jackson, asking the audience to hold their applause, told them that they were using up his prime-time television space; nobody, it seems, had told Jackson that prime time begins after 9 P.M. Cuomo, meanwhile, used his time to plead with the liberal base of the party to help get the President re-elected, since if the Republicans won, it would only be worse for them. Neither Cuomo nor Jackson had the temerity to say publicly what they privately thought: that Bill Clinton had adopted the Republican agenda, and had in one fell swoop begun to tear apart the entitlement state that went back to the New Deal.

If one reads the first reports, liberal and conservative journalists seem to differ wildly. Writing in *The Weekly Standard*, David Brooks concludes that the centrists in the Democratic Party have won, despite the Left's grassroots organization. Clinton ended the most basic entitlement, Brooks writes, "and a few weeks later, 3,400 liberal delegates cheered him on." Hold on a minute, seems to be the contrary message from the historian and journalist Sean Wilentz, who reports in *The New Republic* that judging from the numerous rallies and gatherings of the Left, "the Democratic Party's traditional labor–liberal spirit seemed undimmed." Wilentz joyously notes how outside of the actual hall, "one kept bumping into throngs of die-hard party liberals and leftists."

True, the Left was in an unusual predicament. Crossing their fingers, they did indeed cheer the President, and while candidly noting their dissatisfaction with the welfare-reform bill—a dissatisfaction they assured us the President shared—they kept to their part of the bargain. They could appear at the convention itself, but only to endorse and urge unconditional support for the ticket, in the hope, as Wilentz would have it, that after victory, Clinton "would move leftward."

But on this hope, they would not leave things to chance. The key caucus event was called by the new political umbrella group on the Left, The Campaign for America's Future. At the Hilton Hotel and Towers, the same hotel where Tom Hayden was teargassed in 1968 and now was staying, a large group assembled on the convention's second day to hear Rep. David Bonior (Mich.), Rep. Jesse Jackson Jr. (Ill.), Rep. Rosa Delauro (Conn.)—the wife of Democratic pollster Stan Greenberg, Rep. Maxine Waters (Calif.), Senator Byron Dorgan (N.D.), Machinists' Union president George Kourpias, and writer Jeff Faux, whose new book, *The Party's Not Over*, is something of a manifesto for the would-be rising left-wing of the party. Led by a Jackson advisor Bob Borosage, the campaign clearly aspires to become the ginger group of the party's left wing. Judging from its performance in Chicago, it has a long way to go.

For one, its speakers can't seem to get their act together. Borosage opened by noting that because the Clinton Administration had performed so well the economy was in good shape. America had seen low inflation, declining deficits, and the creation of ten million new jobs. Democrats had to hammer home the message that the Republicans' economic policy was based on the fallacy of obtaining tax cuts for the rich. When Jeff Faux began his talk, however, he seemed to contradict directly Borosage. The financial stress facing the middle class, according to Faux, is so severe, and the economic situation so bad, that it is bound to be to the Left's political advantage.

A whopping 43 per cent of delegates to the Democratic convention describe themselves as liberals

What Borosage, Faux, and their followers were really attacking, however, was not the Republican Right but rather the small and beleaguered group of

Mr. Radosh, Senior Fellow at the Hudson Institute, is author of Divided They Fell: The Demise of the Democratic Party, 1964–1996 *(The Free Press).*

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Democrats who were desperately trying to rethink old shibboleths, and whom Faux in particular accused of wanting to make the Democratic Party "more like the Republicans." It was these Democrats who were arguing that the working class had moved to the suburbs, were sending their children to college, and were now opposed to old-style redistributionist economic policies. They were, of course, those unnamed New Democrats, those who were corrupting the traditional message by being pro-business and in favor of less government, but who were liberal on social issues such as abortion.

THEY are talking, of course, about the Democratic Leadership Council and its think-tank, the Progressive Policy Institute, which held its own three days of intensive and well-attended workshops. One could not help being impressed by the quality of the presentations given by Sen. Joseph Lieberman (Conn.), Will Marshall, William Galston, and Sen. Bob Kerrey (Neb.). What they argued was precisely the opposite of what the Campaign for America's Future argued. Instead of more class warfare and an attempt to continue redistributing wealth through new social programs, higher taxes, and an alliance with the newly radicalized AFL–CIO leadership, DLC speakers favored such measures as school choice and expanded charter schools (precisely the kind of educational reforms bitterly opposed by the two teachers' unions that are closely tied to Clinton), a new tax code, and above all, a severe restriction on entitlements, including Medicare and Social Security—the two untouchables.

How, for example, does one fix the welfare bill the President just signed? The Left would favor a program of government-sponsored public works—a New Deal for the New Century—while the DLC types prefer finding jobs for welfare recipients in the private market. Unlike the Left, the DLC members are wary of federal programs, favor reliance on the market, and as Galston made clear in a brilliant speech about the importance of values and traditional education, are more than aware of how the culture at large with its assault on traditional values has harmed the body politic. Galston even argues against no-fault divorce laws, a stand that has not exactly endeared him to the old-style cultural Left.

Here is where the crunch comes, and the Left gains its hope. With a Democratic Congress, key committees would fall into the hands of the most left/liberal Democrats, such as David Bonior, John Conyers, and Charlie Rangel. And with the intense pressure put on the President from his labor allies, it would be all but impossible for him to hold firm on a centrist course and resist bending to the will of the Left. Indeed, such was precisely the hope and the game plan of the assembled happy left-wing troopers, who gladly took the back seat for the TV audience and appeared only to enjoy the staged non-issue convention and to cheer the President.

At present, both Left and Center are trying to claim the President as their own, and, wanting to win, Clinton has not disabused either. Yet, one story I heard during the convention gave what perhaps is an indication of where Clinton is heading. After he signed the welfare-reform bill, more than a few op-ed articles were written opposing the bill, and indicating weaknesses that would have to be corrected immediately by the new Congress. Only a few unqualifiedly defended the President. Clinton went out of his way to praise the author of one of the most critical editorials, and although the author of one of the op-eds defending the new bill was nearby, the President said not one word to him. Having done his dirty work, Clinton already was trying to win over those who had been offended, and indicate that in the future, he would be likely to do what they wished.

But there is a danger here. As Democrats like Virginia's Jim Moran, who heads a congressional caucus affiliated with the DLC, put it, the emphasis on work rather than welfare "signals that we recognize that there's a large population of the American people out there who feel that the Democratic Party in the past has been too wedded to the poor, to dysfunctional families and to special-interest groups." Poll after poll shows that if anything, Moran is understating the case. Fewer Americans than ever call themselves Democrats. The Democratic Party, according to the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, had 45 per cent of the voting-age population in 1966. By 1994, at the time of the Republican congressional victory, the number had declined to 33 per cent.

"Oh my gosh, I've had enough."

IF CLINTON moves after the election to pander to the left–liberal wing of the Party, that number will only decline. And as Moran has noted, if the Democrats again come up with the traditional left–liberal agenda, "'98 would be such a tidal wave it would make '94 look like a ripple."

But even if Clinton does not want to move left, the pressure on him will be intense. Having spent some $35 million for the campaign, and having sent numerous staff members to work against the Republicans in key contested districts, the AFL–CIO will clearly expect to call in its chips. While the DLC's statement calls for "a sweeping overhaul of Social Security and Medicare to control their exploding costs," the AFL–CIO and the new left–liberal campaign favor increased spending and new programs, and consider these governmental programs the DLC singles out as sacrosanct edifices of the Democratic Party's contribution to the nation. To these groups, the future of the party is bound to its traditional labor and liberal base.

The New Democrats won the platform war, but it may have been a sign for the future when scores of the left–liberals who made up the majority of delegates to the convention, having already heard the long-awaited Hillary Clinton speech, began to walk out in droves during the keynote speech by the DLC moderate Gov. Evan Bayh of Indiana. Al From, head of the DLC, claims that "the ideological battle is over inside the party" and that, if elected, Clinton will definitely govern as a New Democrat. But the problem—one that other DLCers like Senator Lieberman acknowledge—is that while they have the ideas, the other side has the troops. As the Senator told John Fund of the *Wall Street Journal*, they "could overwhelm us."

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Before the convention began, AFL–CIO President John Sweeney, wearing a red labor shirt, presided over a fiery rally in front of the Illinois state building. And at the only formal AFL–CIO caucus, Al Gore made his first Chicago appearance, and pledged his support of organized labor's agenda. Back on October 1995, immediately after Sweeney's election as AFL–CIO chief, Labor Secretary Robert Reich appeared at Sweeney's side at his first public rally, where Reich told the crowd that Bill Clinton would veto any bill labor considers anti-union. The Sweeney leadership of the AFL–CIO thus spells major trouble for Bill Clinton, since its leaders are determined to settle accounts with Clinton for leaving them in the lurch during his first term—on, among other items, NAFTA and failure to repeal the striker-replacement bill. It was hardly an accident that Mine Worker head Richard Trumka, the AFL–CIO's new secretary treasurer, called the DLC "antiworker" and said its agenda was a "blueprint for Democratic disaster in 1996."

Sitting at a crossroads, the Democrats offered television viewers a phony unity. The presence and new face of the Left make one thing clear—*contra* Al From, a victorious Clinton Administration faces a fratricidal war in the ranks of the Democratic Party. Chances are that Clinton's Administration, perhaps against his own best instincts, will be forced to take that tilt to the Left called for by Jackson, Bonior, and Borosage. And should the Democrats manage to retake Congress, the chances that Clinton will hew to a centrist course are even slimmer. At that time, the Left's decision to swallow the bad medicine and remain silent at the convention will look like the shrewdest of politics. □

Skirting Disaster

Feminists are preparing to move in on the Democrats after the November elections.

CHRISTINA HOFF SOMMERS

WHEN comedienne Joan Rivers was recently asked whom she preferred between Bob Dole and Bill Clinton, she replied: "That's like asking me which of the Menendez brothers I prefer." Many feminists share Miss Rivers's dislike for both candidates. Patricia Ireland, President of the National Organization for Women, says, "We're facing the 'evil of two lessers' right now." But unlike Miss Rivers, she and her sisters-in-arms have a decided preference for Clinton. They know full well that he has not stopped supporting feminist causes and see no reason to take his "lurch to the right" seriously.

The convention presented on the networks, with its personal testimonials and uplifting talk of family values, offered little to feminist activists. Their favorite issues—affirmative action, abortion rights, comparable worth, the glass ceiling—were scarcely mentioned. The Hillary Rodham Clinton who had represented them so well at the UN women's conference in Peking, was not in evidence, having been replaced by Hillary Clinton the PTA mom who told the American public how "for Bill and me, family has been the center of our lives." The prime-time convention could never engage the loyalties of the feminist ideologues; but away from the cameras the Democratic National Committee was running a second "shadow convention" to reassure them that the party's feminist agenda was in no danger of being abandoned.

For four days an army of energetic women attended a non-stop series of tributes to Hillary, fund-raisers, daily meetings of the Women's Caucus, a training seminar on how to "take back" talk radio and, not least, a session on the "Peking Platform," a controversial feminist program which the President's Interagency Council on Women is quietly "implementing" in this country.

One of the best-attended events was a luncheon honoring nineteenth-century social worker Jane Addams and Hillary Clinton. Gloria Steinem praised Chicago for establishing the new Jane Addams Memorial Park. She told the room full of (mostly) women that the park was important because in most parts of the country progressive women are never honored by memorials. "In New York City . . . we have only white, warlike, testosterone-poisoned men." Needless to say, no rhetoric about "testosterone-poisoned men" was heard at Convention I.

The mood at the "Take Back the Airwaves" training seminar was less exultant. The one area of public discourse that liberals and feminists have not found it easy to colonize is talk radio. This irks them, and they keep trying to find ways to counter its influence. Hence this training seminar sponsored by the Democratic National Committee, offering practical suggestions on what we, the audience, can do. The trainer, a Mr. Jon-Christopher Bua, formerly an off-Broadway director and actor, was introduced to us as the "secret weapon of the DNC." We were told to "get ready to take back the airwaves with Jon-Christopher!"

Jon-Christopher opened by telling us that most talk-show hosts are white males named Bob and possessed of enormous egos. He went on to the problem of "how to get on talk radio as a guest or a 'call-in.' " He asked for ten volunteers to give two-minute presentations that the rest of us would criticize and evaluate. He cautioned us to be sure to "empower the audience" and "to create a dialogue," urging each volunteer to "put a human face on it." We were told that "a great way to speak passionately is to give an example of a real person—maybe even you."

A young woman raised her hand and bounded to the stage. She proceeded to deliver an incoherent confession about how she had been a victim of incest and alcohol abuse, and was therefore deeply committed to women's issues. But she had somehow overcome all this adversity and felt it had all made her a better person. She went well over the two-minute limit. Unfazed, Jon-Christopher encouraged her to find some way to tie these personal revelations to the message of the Democratic Party. She tried.

Professor Sommers, who teaches philosophy at Clark University, is the author of Who Stole Feminism? *(Simon & Schuster) and a member of the Advisory Board of the Independent Women's Forum.*

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"What I am trying to get at is: I want to reiterate Hillary Clinton's message that it does take a village to raise a family." The audience was more than a little uncomfortable with this, but Jon-Christopher was delighted. "You know it's very painful—but very crucial—to come up before those you don't know to express those kinds of feelings—and I think that's what people can do."

Later on, feminist lawyer and talk-radio hostess Gloria Allred joined him on stage and told us that our chances of being invited onto talk radio as official guests were slim. "The trend is away from guests." What we needed to do was to "learn how to call in." She advised us to start dialing in early and to "call and call often." Be "interesting, passionate, and concise."

Someone should tell Donna Shalala that 'implementing' the Peking platform unconstitutionally bypasses the legislative branch of government

For the rest of the time we practiced making "spontaneous" calls promoting Democratic messages and destroying the arguments and composure of conservative talk-show hosts. Before we broke up, Jon-Christopher confidingly informed us that it was Hillary Clinton who originated the idea and promoted the project of a Talk Radio Initiative. No one seemed surprised to learn this.

On Day Two of the convention, Congresswomen Carolyn Maloney, Pat Schroeder, and Maxine Waters, along with Gloria Steinem and Bella Abzug, called a press conference to announce several "positive new initiatives for American women." Foremost among these was the "Contract with the Women of the U.S.A.," which, Mrs. Abzug explained, "adapts to American realities the historic Platform for Action adopted by the U.S. Government . . . in Beijing."

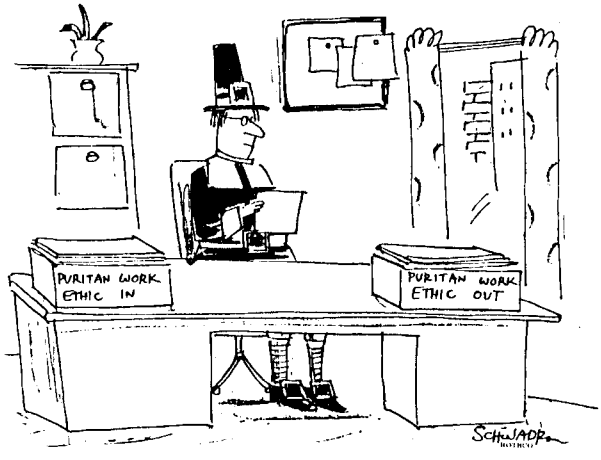
The policies of the Women's Conference in Peking are highly controversial, but the executive branch of the government may well succeed in committing the country to them and is attempting to do so without benefit of any debate or policy review by Congress. It was to that end that Clinton set up the President's Interagency Council on Women, a body chaired by Donna Shalala and including representatives from all Cabinet departments. The Council is formally charged with "coordinating the federal implementation of the Platform for Action adopted at Beijing."

The articles of the Peking platform articulate some unexceptionable goals to relieve the very real deficits and injustices suffered by Third World women; but they also clearly reflect the input of American feminists by attacking "gender stereotypes" (read: distinct roles for women in traditional families), demanding "self-esteem training to assist women," and calling for "diversity in work management styles" and "support and encouragement of gender studies and research."

Secretary Shalala seems eager to implement the Peking platform. According to the *Washington Times* (Feb. 5) agencies participating in the President's Interagency Council on Women were being prodded to show progress. Council member Kathy Hendrix reported that they had been told: "Here is the platform—how does your agency measure up?" Agency executives are being asked, "What new initiative might you come up with?" Someone should tell Donna Shalala that "measuring up" to the Peking platform and "implementing" it unconstitutionally bypasses the legislative branch of government.

The "Contract with the Women of the U.S.A." is American feminism's version of the Peking platform. Those who accept the contract sign on to pledges (12 in all), among which are pledges to uphold reproductive rights, to work for educational equity ("including the creation of gender-fair multicultural curricula"), to support comparable-worth policies, to strengthen affirmative action. Signatories pledge "to seek reduction of military spending and conversion of military facilities to socially productive purposes." One pledge calls for a full-scale welfare state. "Recognizing the value of women's unpaid and underpaid labor to our families, communities, and economy, we support a living wage for all workers, and adequate funding for welfare, child care, education, and job training." The contract makes one qualified concession to private enterprise: "We pledge access to collateral-free credit for women-owned small businesses."

The Clinton Administration's strong support of the Peking Platform has been cleverly exploited by feminist activists to persuade a surprising number of mainstream women's organizations to sign on to the Contract with the Women of the U.S.A. Bella Abzug calls the Contract "the mirror-opposite of the Gingrich 'Contract' " and says it "tap[s] into a general feeling that women are being attacked and downsized, as hard-won gains and pro-women, pro-children policies are decimated." Rep. Maloney explains the need for the Contract in similar terms, claiming that "The 104th Congress is the most anti-woman, anti-family, anti-urban Congress in memory." Yet feminists promoting the Contract can point to such nonpartisan, mainstream signatories as the YWCA, Hadassah, The League of Women Voters, and Girl Scouts of San Francisco. (Which raises a question: Who decides that Girl Scouts or YWCA members support these controversial objectives?)



When the Contract and Speak-out announcements were being made at the Chicago Convention, the stage was crowded with more than thirty feminist activists. However, the press was not there, and there were only five or six people in the audience. When push comes to shove, the activists don't seem to have the troops. All the same, they are full of optimism. Convinced that history is on their side, they feel they speak for all women. And with Donna Shalala and a sympathetic White House very

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much on their side, they are confident that they can outflank an unsympathetic legislature. As Carolyn Maloney said in their press release, "The collective will of American women is too strong for any Congress to stop. Our success is inevitable." It must be said that their success so far is, indeed, impressive. But at the Democratic convention they were kept well out of sight. □

Much Ado

As triumphs of style over substance, the conventions charted new political territory.

RAMESH PONNURU

WITH the two parties' national conventions, America's political elites have wholeheartedly surrendered to the idiot culture. Politics has become a degraded, and degrading, form of entertainment. We are now officially a talk-show nation, trafficking in cheap catharsis and easy tears. Both productions were designed for a populace that would rather emote than think; they were bread and circuses for a citizenry deemed incapable of self-governance. And so the viewing public was treated to a parade of tots, and victims, and victimized tots. Those members of the press who refuse to be taken in by this sort of charade are often accused of cynicism. But cynicism is the proper tonic for exploitative sentimentality. The more corrosive cynicism was that of the convention planners, whose estimation of the American people is, let's hope, a slander.

Republicans at least had the excuse that they were simply trying to avoid the kind of media blitzkrieg that greeted their Houston convention in 1992. They succeeded, although the media at first refused to accept the GOP's surrender. The Democrats had no such excuse. Instead of holding the San Diego Republicans up to ridicule, the Chicago Democrats replicated their performance with greater professionalism. This kind of drama comes more naturally to liberals: they have celebrities to showcase, and their coalition abounds with self-defined victims of American society. Even the Democrats' videos of "ordinary people" were more effective. Only Elizabeth Dole's talk topped the Democrats, both in its effectiveness and in its polished insincerity.

But it was Al Gore whose speech was the apotheosis of the new, dumbed-down, de-politicized politics. The speech began conventionally enough with a slashing partisan attack delineating the differences between the presidential candidates. There were occasional flashes of demagoguery: Republicans, Gore said, "want to give health insurance rip-off artists a license to change Medicare, to let this program for our seniors wither on the vine." And of eloquence: "It is easy to understand the nostalgic appeal of the party of memory and the men who lead it."

So far, so mediocre. Then came the rotten core of the speech, where Gore dwelt on his sister's death. His syllogism: My sister smoked all her life, she died of lung cancer, therefore the President's new regulatory initiatives are laudable. Don't try to find the enthymeme; premise no. 2 makes anyone who tries to parse Gore's logic a cad. (He "loved her more than life itself," in case you were wondering.) A man who is capable of exploiting his sister's death in this manner is capable of anything.

His speech was simply a way of courting the party's base. *The New Republic* is still polishing Gore's apple after all these years, but his speech was rather light on New Democrat, or even neoliberal, themes. The Administration's oft-repeated claim that Clinton and Gore govern as partners should be taken seriously. What would a Gore Administration be like? You're probably looking at it.

What, for that matter, would a second Clinton term look like? It would depend, of course, on which party controls Congress, on the jockeying between Gore and Dick Gephardt for the next presidential nomination, on the response of Democrats to a lame-duck Clinton drowning in Whitewater. Most Republicans assume Clinton would go left, but he could instead try to maintain the political profile that has brought him the popularity he craves. His big, sprawling mess of an acceptance speech gave few clues as to which is the likelier scenario. It was a laundry list of policy initiatives delivered in Clinton's trademark style: faux folksy, homespun, without a trace of eloquence. He did make it clear that he would use regulation much more than spending to achieve liberal economic and social goals. Mrs. Clinton defiantly promised another go at health care. And President Clinton would try to undo the parts of the welfare-reform bill he just signed that most offend liberals. But the Democratic cupboard is mostly bare.

Democrats were less concerned to develop new issues than to take old ones off the table. Like the President's character, for instance. Both Sen. Chris Dodd (Conn.) and Gore pleaded with Republicans to maintain a high tone in this election. (The same week, incidentally, Gore pledged to oppose the "all-out assault" of "this two-headed monster of Dole and Gingrich.") Hillary Rodham Clinton's role in the Administration is also a *verboten* subject. Which is odd, since her speech most fully fleshed out the only idea Democrats offered at the convention: the idea that the nation should strive to be one big, happy family.

MARIO Cuomo also spoke on this theme, as he had in his much-heralded 1984 address, but Mrs. Clinton has popularized it via the "village" metaphor. Republicans have an opening here, since the nation-as-family idea is a justification for reducing citizens to wards of the state, for ignoring the health of real families, and for encouraging parents to abandon their most important duties. More daringly, Republicans could add that citizens shouldn't love (or fight) each other the way family members do, but maintain relations of civility. Pollster Frank Luntz reports that focus groups hated Mrs. Clinton's village-talk.

But Democrats are content to skirt the issues the First Lady raised by hiding behind her skirt. "Stop attacking the President's family," said Sen. Dodd. All in all, it's shaping up to be a low, dishonest decade for the Democrats. □

Mr. Ponnuru is NR's national reporter.

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Back to School

How to Get A College Education

It can be done, even in the Ivy League, if you keep your eye on the goal *of education.*

JEFFREY HART

IT WAS in the fall term of 1988 that the truth burst in upon me that something had gone terribly wrong in higher education. It was like the anecdote in Auden where the guest at a garden party, sensing something amiss, suddenly realizes that there is a corpse on the tennis court.

As a professor at Dartmouth, my hours had been taken up with my own writing, and with teaching a variety of courses—a yearly seminar, a yearly freshman composition course (which—some good news—all senior professors in the Dartmouth English Department are required to teach), and courses in my eighteenth-century specialty. Oh, I knew that the larger curriculum lacked shape and purpose, that something was amiss; but I deferred thinking about it.

Yet there does come that moment.

It came for me in the freshman composition course. The students were required to write essays based upon assigned reading—in this case, some Frost poems, Hemingway's *In Our Time*, *Hamlet*. Then, almost on a whim, I assigned the first half of Allan Bloom's new surprise best-seller *The Closing of the American Mind*.

When the time came to discuss the Bloom book, I asked them what they thought of it.

They hated it.

Oh, yes, they understood perfectly well what Bloom was saying: that they were ignorant, that they believed in clichés, that their education so far had been dangerous piffle and that what they were about to receive was not likely to be any better.

No wonder they hated it. After all, they were the best and the brightest, Ivy Leaguers with stratospheric SAT scores, the Masters of the Universe. Who is Bloom? What is the University of Chicago, anyway?

So I launched into an impromptu oral quiz.

Could anyone (in that class of 25 students) say anything about the Mayflower Compact?

Complete silence.

John Locke?

Nope.

James Madison?

Silentia.

Magna Carta? The Spanish Armada? The Battle of Yorktown? The Bull Moose party? *Don Giovanni*? William James? The Tenth Amendment?

Zero. Zilch. Forget it.

The embarrassment was acute, but some good came of it. The better students, ashamed that their first 12 years of schooling had mostly been wasted (even if they had gone to Choate or Exeter), asked me to recommend some books. I offered such solid things as Samuel Eliot Morison's *Oxford History of the United States*, Max Farrand's *The Framing of the Constitution*, Jacob Burckhardt's *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*. Several students asked for an informal discussion group, and so we started reading a couple of Dante's Cantos per week, Dante being an especially useful author because he casts his net so widely—the ancient world, the (his) modern world, theology, history, ethics.

I quickly became aware of the utter bewilderment of entering freshmen. They emerge from the near-nullity of K–12 and stroll into the chaos of the Dartmouth curriculum, which is embodied in a course catalogue about as large as a telephone directory.

"If you're anxiety-ridden and you know it, clap your hands."

Mr. Hart is an NR *senior editor.*

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NR'S TOP SCHOOLS

National Review heartily recommends all the schools promoted in this issue. In fact, we've already included many of these schools in the latest edition of ***The National Review College Guide.***

The liberal arts schools featured in the *Guide* merited **National Review**'s (hearty!) recommendation because—after careful research—they passed our strict test: each college has curricular common sense (they respect the tradition of the West), a dedicated teaching staff (faculty are exceptional *and* readily available to students), an administration with a sense of purpose, congenial quality of campus life (the university community is something we feel is outstanding), and supervised student life.

National Review encourages all our student subscribers as well as their parents to call, write, and visit the schools in this issue. Remember, in this day and age of Political Correctness, it's never too early to begin the search for the "right" education!

Beware the Apeiron

At Rose Hill College we have encountered a troubling problem: the *apeiron*. Our lexicon of Greek philosophical terms defined the *apeiron* as "the indefinable, the indefinite." It was Anaximander who called the *apeiron* "that out of which things come and into which they return, having paid for the injustice they do to people in time." In Aristotle it is the prime matter, as in Genesis 1: " In the beginning... the earth was without form and void."

We didn't discover this problem thumbing through our Greek lexicon. There it exists merely as a word on a page. We discovered it because we are in the middle of it. The *apeiron* is the governing principle of the world in which we live, or so it would seem. Whether we speak of politics, or religion, or family life, we are ruled by something inexplicable, chaotic and unformed. Over time it exacts a price: life is cursed by an eternal return to confusion and chaos.

Only intellect can give meaning and purpose to the *apeiron*.

In the secular academy you will not find a philosophy or religion department competent to study the intellectual life as it was meant to be lived. Typically the *apeiron* is all there is, according to contemporary academic fashion. The intellect is a slave to whatever wells up from below.

At Rose Hill College you will discover the intellectual life as the governor of the passions and in right relationship to the things God made.

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Sir, what courses should I take?

A college like Dartmouth—or Harvard, Princeton, etc.—has requirements so broadly defined that almost anything goes for degree credit. Of course, freshmen are assigned faculty "advisors," but most of them would rather return to the library or the Bunsen burner.

Thus it developed that I began giving an annual lecture to incoming freshmen on the subject, "What Is a College Education? And How to Get One, Even at Dartmouth."

One long-term reason why the undergraduate curriculum at Dartmouth and all comparable institutions is in chaos is specialization. Since World War II, success as a professor has depended increasingly on specialized publication. The ambitious and talented professor is not eager to give introductory or general courses. Indeed, his work has little or nothing to do with undergraduate teaching. Neither Socrates nor Jesus, who published nothing, could possibly receive tenure at a first-line university today.

But in addition to specialization, recent intellectual fads have done extraordinary damage, viz.:

—So-called Post-Modernist thought ("deconstruction," etc.) asserts that one "text" is as much worth analyzing as any other, whether it be a movie, a comic book, or Homer. The lack of a "canon" of important works leads to course offerings in, literally, anything.

—"Affirmative Action" is not just a matter of skewed admissions and hiring, but also a mentality or ethos. That is, if diversity is more important than quality in admissions and hiring, why should it not be so in the curriculum? Hence the courses in things like Nicaraguan Lesbian Poetry.

Deconstructing The Ivory Tower

THE average four-year tuition at a public college or university equaled 36 per cent of a typical family's annual income in 1979. That same year, the price of a bachelor's degree at a private college averaged 84 per cent of yearly family income. By 1994, those figures had jumped to 60 per cent and 156 per cent, respectively. In addition, families also had to pay higher local, state, and federal taxes to subsidize colleges and universities.

What is driving up the price of college is a surge in faculty compensation, a plethora of federal mandates, and an escalation in administrative personnel. The American Association of University Professors reports that average salaries for professors at public universities rose by 108 per cent between 1980 and 1993, while those at private universities jumped by 134 per cent, nearly double the 75 per cent inflation during the same period.

Over the past two decades, the number of college and university faculty has increased by 30 per cent and the number of non-faculty jobs on campus has more than doubled. This trend toward greater bureaucracy is most pronounced at public universities, with administrative costs per student rising 19 per cent annually, four times as fast as spending on teaching, according to the National Center for Education Statistics. Administrative costs, the fastest growing major component of college expenditures, currently consume 45 cents of every instructional dollar, compared to 19 cents in 1930.

College administrators explain that onerous government regulations have caused much of this escalation in bureaucracy. Federal mandates, under the Americans with Disabilities Act, the Student Right to Know Act and Campus Security Act, and numerous civil-rights regulations, have increased operating costs. Accreditation, for instance, has increasingly been linked to "appropriate" sexual, racial, and ethnic diversity on a college's governing board and faculty. But it's not cheap to develop outreach programs to boost minority faculty ratios and minority student enrollment, to fly in sensitivity experts to run sessions on sexism and racism, or to unmask patriarchal and Eurocentric biases in a curriculum.

Despite the massive increase in educational personnel, today's college students are faced with more absentee professors. Why? Partly, it's a result of compensation and tenure systems that denigrate teaching performance while rewarding the publication of articles of dubious significance. At most schools, a junior professor, in order to gain lifetime job security, is wise to abandon the classroom and allocate time to research, conferences, and publishing.

In dealing with these problems, college presidents face an especially tough task in delivering reform. Tenure protects professors from the kind of downsizing that's the norm in the rest of the economy. At Columbia, 25 department chairmen threatened to quit in the face of proposed budget cuts. At the University of California, the Board of Regents' recommendation to repeal racial quotas in admissions was met with bomb threats.

YET, on the demand side, college presidents face students who increasingly expect expensive sports programs, showy dorms, and "name" professors. At the University of South Carolina, the widow of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was paid $350,000 in travel and salary for teaching one class a week for three semesters. Meanwhile, over at the gym, "dozens of athletic coaches now command incomes in the $500,000 to $1 million range," including their lucrative commercial promotions, reports Carl Horowitz in *Investor's Business Daily*.

Is it worth it? In 1980, college graduates earned an average of 40 per cent more than high-school graduates. Today, that gap has grown to 75 per cent. And yet, in 1990, of the 29 million people 25 years and older with a college degree in the labor force, "5.8 million were underemployed, holding jobs for which a college degree was not needed," states C. Emily Feistritzer, Director of the National Center for Education.

What's on the horizon for academe is the same demands for accountability, efficiency, and competitiveness that now exist in the rest of the economy. "Those in the ivory tower will have to come down, get a little muddied, and explain the whole process of what it is they do," says Ohio Rep. Robert Hagan.

—RALPH R. REILAND

Mr. Reiland teaches economics at Robert Morris College in Pittsburgh.

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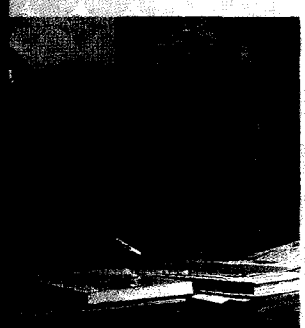

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—Concomitantly, ideology has been imposed on the curriculum to a startling degree. In part this represents a sentimental attempt to resuscitate Marxism, with assorted Victim Groups standing in for the old Proletariat; in part it is a new Identity Politics in which being Black, Lesbian, Latino, Homosexual, Radical Feminist, and so forth takes precedence over any scholarly pursuit. These Victimologies are usually presented as "Studies" programs outside the regular departments, so as to avoid the usual academic standards. Yet their course offerings carry degree credit.

The citizen need not know quantum physics, but he should know that it is there and what it means

On an optimistic note, I think that most or all of Post-Modernism, the Affirmative Action/Multicultural ethos, and the Victimologies will soon pass from the scene. The great institutions have a certain sense of self-preservation. Harvard almost lost its Law School to a Marxist faculty faction, but then cleaned house. Tenure will keep the dead men walking for another twenty years or so, but then we will have done with them.

But for the time being, what these fads have done to the liberal-arts and social-sciences curriculum since around 1968 is to clutter it with all sorts of nonsense, nescience, and distraction. The entering student needs to be wary lest he waste his time and his parents' money and come to consider all higher education an outrageous fraud. The good news is that the wise student can still get a college education today, even at Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

Of course the central question is one of *telos*, or goal. What is the liberal-arts education supposed to produce? Once you have the answer to this question, course selection becomes easy.

I mean to answer that question here. But first, I find that undergraduates and their third-mortgaged parents appreciate some practical tips, such as:

Select the "ordinary" courses. I use *ordinary* here in a paradoxical and challenging way. An *ordinary* course is one that has always been taken and obviously should be taken—even if the student is not yet equipped with a sophisticated rationale for so doing. The student should be discouraged from putting his money on the cutting edge of interdisciplinary cross-textuality.

Thus, do take American and European history, an introduction to philosophy, American and European literature, the Old and New Testaments, and at least one modern language. It would be absurd not to take a course in Shakespeare, the best poet in our language. There is art and music history. The list can be expanded, but these areas every educated person should have a decent knowledge of—with specialization coming later on.

I hasten to add that I applaud the student who devotes his life to the history of China or Islam, but that too should come later. America is part of the narrative of European history.

If the student should seek out those "ordinary" courses, then it follows that he should avoid the flashy come-ons. Avoid things like Nicaraguan Lesbian Poets. Yes, and anything listed under "Studies," any course whose description uses the words "interdisciplinary," "hegemonic," "phallocratic," or "empowerment," anything that mentions "keeping a diary," any course with a title like "Adventures in Film."

Also, any male professor who comes to class without a jacket and tie should be regarded with extreme prejudice unless he has won a Nobel Prize.

ALL these are useful rules of thumb. A theoretical rationale for a liberal-arts education, however, derives from that *telos* mentioned above. What is such an education supposed to produce?

A philosophy professor I studied with as an undergraduate had two phrases he repeated so often that they stay in the mind, a technique made famous by Matthew Arnold.

He would say, "*History must be told.*"

History, he explained, is to a civilization what memory is to an individual, an irreducible part of identity.

He also said, "*The goal of education is to produce the citizen.*" He defined the citizen as the person who, if need be, could re-create his civilization.

Now, it is said that Goethe was the last man who knew all the aspects of his civilization (I doubt that he did), but that after him things became too complicated. My professor had something different in mind. He meant that the citizen should know the great themes of his civilization, its important areas of thought, its philosophical and religious controversies, the outline of its history and its major works. The citizen need not know quantum physics, but he should know that it is there and what it means. Once the citizen knows the shape, the narrative, of his civilization, he is able to locate new things—and other civilizations—in relation to it.

The narrative of Western civilization can be told in different ways, but a useful paradigm has often been called "Athens and Jerusalem." Broadly construed, "Athens" means a philosophical and scientific view of actuality and "Jerusalem" a spiritual and scriptural one. The working out of Western civilization represents an interaction—tension, fusion, conflict—between the two.

Both Athens and Jerusalem have a heroic, or epic, phase. For Athens, the Homeric poems are a kind of scripture, the subject of prolonged ethical meditation. In time the old heroic ideals are internalized as heroic philosophy in Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

For Jerusalem, the heroic phase consists of the Hebrew narratives. Here again, a process of internalization occurs, Jesus internalizing the Mosaic Law. Socrates is the heroic philosopher, Jesus the ideal of heroic holiness, both new ideals in their striking intensity.

During the first century of the Christian Era, Athens and Jerusalem converge under the auspices of Hellenistic thought, most notably in Paul and in John, whose gospel defined Jesus by using the Greek term for order, *Logos*.

Athens and Jerusalem were able to converge, despite great differences, because in some ways they overlap. The ultimate terms of Socrates and Plato, for example, cannot be entirely derived from reason. The god of Plato and Aristotle is monotheistic, though still the god of the philosophers. Yet Socrates considers that his rational universe dictates personal immortality.

In the Hebrew epic, there are hints of a law prior to the Law of revelation and derived from reason. Thus, when Abraham argues with God over the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham appeals to a known principle of justice which God also assumes.

Thus Athens is not pure reason and

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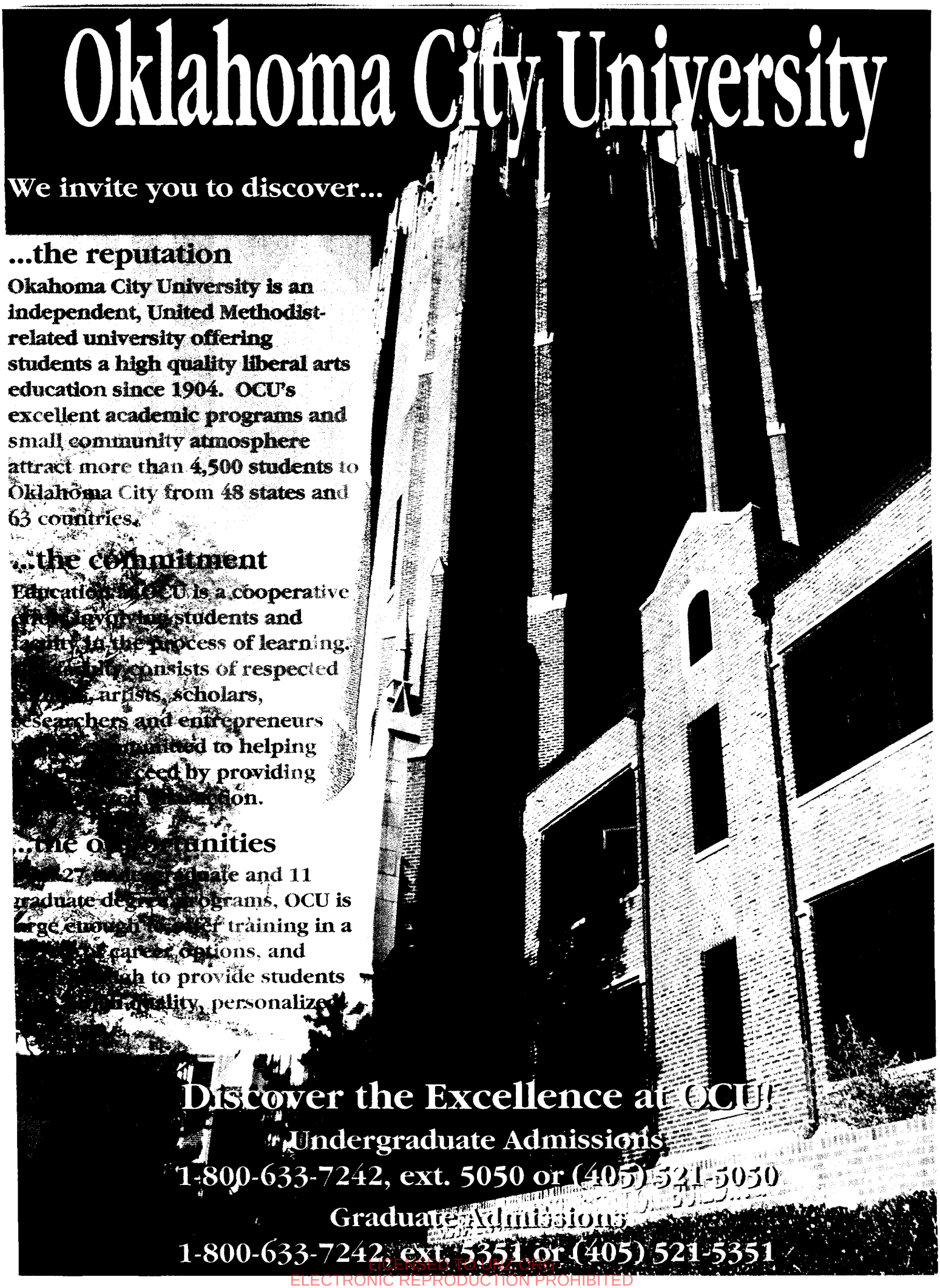

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Jerusalem not pure revelation. Both address the perennial question of why there is something rather than nothing.

From the prehistoric figures in Homer and in Genesis—Achilles, Abraham—the great conversation commences. Thucydides and Virgil seek order in history. St. Augustine tries to synthesize Paul and Platonism. Montaigne's skepticism would never have been articulated without a prior assertion of cosmic order. Erasmus believed Christianity would prevail if only it could be put in the purest Latin. Shakespeare made a world, and transcended Lear's storm with that final calmed and sacramental Tempest. Rousseau would not have proclaimed the goodness of man if Calvin had not said the opposite. Dante held all the contradictions together in a total structure—for a glorious moment. Kafka could not see beyond the edges of his nightmare, but Dostoyevsky found love just beyond the lowest point of sin. The eighteenth-century men of reason knew the worst, and settled for the luminous stability of a bourgeois republic.

By any intelligible standard the other great civilization was China, yet it lacked the Athens–Jerusalem tension and dynamism. Much more static, its symbols were the Great Wall and the Forbidden City, not Odysseus/Columbus, Chartres, the Empire State Building, the love that moves the sun and the other stars.

When undergraduates encounter the material of our civilization—that is, the liberal arts—then they know that they are going somewhere. They are becoming citizens. □

Thinking about God

To find a free and able mind, look for a believer, not a relativist skeptic.

DEAL W. HUDSON

IN 1989 I was interviewed for a job teaching Catholic studies at a state university in the South. Some members of the committee were concerned that I would proselytize the students. A Baptist turned Catholic, perhaps justifiably, raised certain suspicions. I assured them I would not, but added that the Catholic culture I would teach tended to make converts of its own. Evidently, my confidence in the power of great Catholic writers—Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Maritain, O'Connor, Percy—raised yet more suspicions about my "objectivity." More questions followed. What would I do if a student wanted to know why I had become a Catholic? "If it were a serious question, I'd answer it," I replied. Needless to say, I didn't get the job. A member of the hiring committee instructed me that the separation of church and state required that professors on the state payroll should never testify to their faith. After all, I was told, this was a religious-studies department, not a theology department in a seminary.

The abuse of the Establishment clause of the Constitution has led to what has been called "establishment disbelief," as state-sponsored institutions have removed all vestiges of religion from their premises. Education, it has been said, begins with wonder. No more. There is no room for wonder where there is no talk about God. This artificial limit placed around the reason and imagination of students and faculty has been a central factor in the decline of liberal-arts education.

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"Would it help if I told you that all my life I've been in favor of prayer in schools?"

The modern secular university was created in the name of objectivity and freedom from superstition. In the attempt to cut the university off from its roots in Christian Europe, a vacuum was created in which all knowledge was made subject to the demands of politics and business. Christian humanism was replaced as the guiding light of education. Vocationalism swallowed up most of the curriculum; what was left of the humanities fell into the hands of the political Left. The Left, however, is no longer merely liberal. The Left has turned skepticism and relativism into tools of institutional politicization. The same faculty who once demanded that religion be excluded from the curriculum now teach that objectivity is just another Western myth. All knowledge, they claim, is a social construct, dependent on class, gender, and ethnicity.

The post-modern turn of events over the past twenty years has reinforced the importance of St. Anselm's notion that we believe in order to understand. The light of faith is good for the mind; faith stimulates the mind to look behind the appearances. That we believe in order to understand is not merely good for the individual believer, but good for the culture. The reasons are many, but central among them is that questions of faith lead directly to the big questions: Does God exist? Is the soul immortal? Is the world eternal? Training in these questions leads to free and able minds, minds not bound by today's superstitions of political correctness.

The results from the alliance of religious conviction and true liberal education speak for themselves. It is no accident that small institutions like Calvin College and St. Thomas Aquinas College have produced a disproportionate crop of talented young scholars. Many of our nation's best philosophers have come out of the evangelical heartland—Protestant and Catholic—of this country. As students they were encouraged from their freshman year to think speculatively about everything in the universe and outside it. Nothing was declared off limits at the outset. Few exercises of the

Mr. Hudson is publisher and editor of Crisis.

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mind can prepare a student to handle abstractions like reflecting on the nature of divine substance and its Trinitarian processions.

One of my own former students, who now teaches philosophy at Notre Dame, was a hotel accountant in Atlanta when she decided to finish her BA at night. In my Introduction to Religion class, I made some comments on "why it is good to think about God." She told me much later that this had been a turning point. I was able to give that lecture without any fear of complaint, because I was then teaching at a church-related university. Not only was I able to talk freely about God, but religion was part of the curriculum for all the students. Students at that college, whether they liked it or not, were challenged to think about matters of faith and the claims to truth that they imply.

THE advantage of church-related colleges can still be seen in their commitment to a liberal-arts education. The reluctance of Catholic institutions, in particular, to water down their general-education requirement, to give up their emphasis on philosophy, theology, and languages, has been documented.

By the Sixties and Seventies many Catholic institutions, with notable exceptions, had closed the gap. At present, however, the trend is reversing: those institutions serious about being church-related are becoming more and more distinct from their secular counterparts —the catalogues, for example, of Baylor University (Southern Baptist) and the University of Dallas (Catholic) make the menus of the Ivy League look rather skimpy.

Many of our most prestigious schools —Harvard, Yale, Princeton—specify only broad distribution requirements in general areas. They have no core curriculum to speak of. Although these were all Christian institutions at their founding, they gave up long ago on shaping a liberal education according to the demands of human nature. Merely utter the word "nature" on these campuses nowadays and you are suspected of being in league with some sort of will-to-power over vulnerable minds.

These young minds *are* vulnerable, but in a way that the academy does not seem to grasp. Too many faculty still teach incoming students as if they were products of the Fifties. They assume freshmen have deeply ingrained conservative prejudices that must be destroyed. Today's students, however, have grown up breathing the pop-Nietzschean air of the Eighties and Nineties. They arrive on campus deeply suspicious of claims to truth—they don't need to be taught the ways of the skeptic. What many faculty have been trying to accomplish for years—subverting traditional wisdom—is now being done by the culture itself.

Students want their minds back. They are frustrated with the emotional dialectics of the talk show. They need to regain confidence in the power of rational inference. To accomplish this, they need more than bare logic; they need to rejoin the conversation of the West, so magnificently represented for us in the opening books of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. It was a thirteenth-century Christian who recognized the importance of Aristotle, and it is religiously minded scholars like Alasdair McIntyre who keep him alive today.

The church-related university, illumined by the light of faith, confident in its curriculum, rooted in history, concerned for the student as a whole person, is our best bet for the recovery of the intellect and its freedom. A genuine liberal-arts curriculum reflects its conviction that the person, not the worker or even the voter, should be the center of education. This focus ensures that knowledge will not be reduced to job training, measured by its practical usefulness, or marinated in the politics *du jour*. The primary concern will be, as in those original American colleges of the 1600s and 1700s, the development of character, the discernment of true values, and preparation for heaven. Nothing frees the mind from the grind of practicality like a healthy concern for the next world. □

Legal Monopoly

Law schools are the beneficiary of the regulatory state, and they return the favor.

JOHN O. MCGINNIS

THE structure of legal education today serves three principal purposes besides imparting legal knowledge: it unduly raises the cost of legal services, inflates the income of law professors, and supports the advocacy of the left-liberal agenda. Law schools are able to perform these socially deleterious functions largely because they themselves are the beneficiary of government regulation—the usual state requirement that students attend three years of an accredited law school before being licensed as a lawyer. Deregulation of the market for legal education and legal services should therefore be a high priority for conservatives. As with the deregulation of airlines and other industries it will decrease prices, and it will have the added advantage of defunding a cadre of overpaid academics, many of whose left-wing causes depress not only prosperity but personal security.

At the beginning of this century few states required any amount of formal legal education for admission to the bar. Some the greatest Supreme Court Justices of this century, such as Benjamin Cardozo and Robert Jackson, did not graduate from law school. But as the bar became better organized it prevailed upon state judiciaries and legislatures to effectively require a law degree as the price of admission, thus reducing competition —and increasing incomes— for subsequent generations of lawyers.

Over the years the bar has succeeded in adding an accreditation process, which has not even been run by government officials but by the lawyers' guild itself—the American Bar Association. In fact, law professors have acted as an interest group within the general guild and have obtained huge influence on the ABA committee charged with formulating accreditation requirements.

Not surprisingly, these requirements have become a byzantine mixture of featherbedding and political correctness.

Mr. McGinnis is looking forward to his sabbatical next year from Cardozo Law School.

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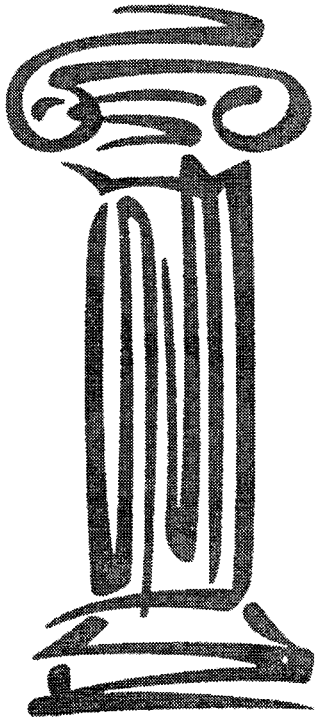

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For instance, the accreditation committee has prescribed faculty-to-student ratios and refused to count part-time practitioner-teachers as faculty, thus preventing serious competition from the huge pool of talented lawyers in private practice. Such cartel practices help law professors obtain higher salaries for teaching an average of six hours a week. The committee has also badgered schools to use ethnicity and gender as criteria for hiring law professors.

Such requirements are particularly deplorable in the light of the astonishing increase in the costs of legal education. From 1978 to 1988, while the consumer price index rose 83 per cent, the cost of legal education rose more than 200 per cent. As a result it is not unusual for students to graduate from law school with close to a hundred thousand dollars in debt.

THE predominantly liberal culture of law schools is deeply rooted in the New Deal's wholesale transformation of our constitutional republic. In the early republic law largely consisted of rules to resolve disputes between merchants and landowners, and the bar naturally aligned itself with their interests. After the New Deal, the Supreme Court converted the Constitution from a document designed to protect property rights into one designed to facilitate social democracy; the stuff of the law became largely centered on public regulation. Indeed, the lawyers' ideal is a government sufficiently powerful to entangle every area of human activity with intricate rules combined with due-process rights sufficiently boundless to allow every citizen to contest their application. Endless regulatory wrangles result in ever-higher income for lawyers.

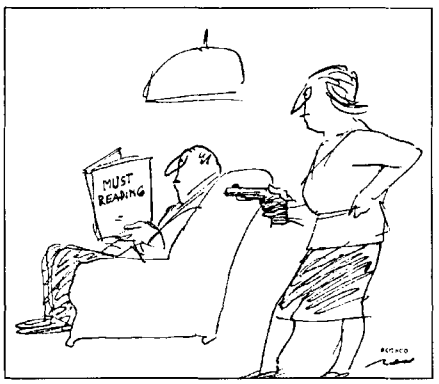
This is a principal reason why the legal profession is now a bulwark of the Democratic Party and the welfare state, standing substantially to the left of corporate executives and entrepreneurs. And as apologists for the welfare state, law-school professors stand well to the left of the average lawyer.

The combination of law professors' ample leisure and overwhelming liberalism creates a ready reserve for the advocacy of every conceivable kind of left-wing legal agenda. For instance, in the last decade law-review articles supporting the Warren Court's expansive interpretation of habeas corpus or arguing for its further expansion have outnumbered by more than 10 to 1 articles arguing for returning the writ to its historical confines. Few, if any, scholars defend even social sanctions against homosexuality, while many write to support a constitutional right to homosexual activity; indeed, one of the leading law reviews devoted four hundred pages to an encomium to the homosexual movement entitled *Queers, Sissies, Dykes, and Tomboys*. In a symposium on the Clarence Thomas nomination in another law review, not one of the articles supported his confirmation.

Another aspect of law schools that promotes the liberal agenda is clinical education. Students understandably have wanted to gain practical experience rather than simply listen to professors expound theories. Nevertheless, the law schools have refused to excuse students for a semester or a year to work under the supervision of a lawyer; instead they have created in-house legal clinics. Needless to say, the clinics generally are structured around liberal causes—crusades against the death penalty, extravagant environmental claims, and even, in one case, the construction of rights for animals. One searches in vain for a clinic that has tried to reclaim property expropriated by rent control.

In response to antitrust litigation by the Justice Department the ABA has made some modest reforms in its cartel practices. (For instance, it has to consider the accreditation of for-profit schools, and cannot require comparable salaries for starting schools.) But this does not go nearly far enough.

The most radical but most effective reform would be simply to do away with the requirement that a prospective lawyer attend law school in order to sit for the bar. The requirement of law-school attendance is a "process standard"; such standards are notorious in economics for being erected by interest groups to serve as shields from competition. On the other hand, the bar exam is at least in form a "performance standard," testing actual skills relevant to law practice. If society believes that some minimum level of knowledge and skills should be required to practice law, that can be regulated more directly and more cost-effectively through examination.



The liberal culture of law schools is rooted in the New Deal's wholesale transformation of our constitutional republic

Law schools would not disappear under such a regime. After all, there were law schools before they were made to serve as an entry requirement. But there would be fewer law schools of far greater variety as they would adapt to the demands of the market rather than the dictates of the ABA. More use would be made of talented lawyers in private practice who would like to teach a few hours a week. Moreover, colleges would create undergraduate majors in law, such as currently exist in many other industrialized countries, allowing students to gain a legal education more quickly and at less expense.

Scholarship would also remain, but would largely return to its roots as an auxiliary to practice in the broadest sense. Market forces would make professors pay more attention to their reputation among practitioners and judges. They would therefore be more inclined to write articles that would offer plausible explanations of the structure of various areas of law or offer proposals for sensible reform. Dystopian visions and personal sob stories would no longer be a road to academic celebrity.

Even the more modest reform of requiring two years of law school and one year of supervised practice would decrease the costs of law school and defund some of the left-wing activism. Students could easily take the basic courses in two years and receive their practical experience in a setting where they might be paid a salary instead of being required to pay tuition.

Either of these reforms would require legislation to sweep away the regulations that support the current system.

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But a Republican Congress should have many opportunities to put the deregulation of legal education on the national agenda. When Democrats next try to resist ending the Legal Services Corporation, itself a dynamo of liberal activism, on the grounds that subsidies are needed to provide legal services to the poor, Republicans should suggest a trade-off that would bring down the cost of legal services for *everyone*. The result would be more than usually sweet. Releasing market forces in legal education would simultaneously aid individuals of modest means and chasten many academics who lead a life of privilege at the expense of those they claim to help. □

Notes from Hell

The public schools need discipline and respect for learning. That's all.

DANIEL KAUFMAN

NEW York City's Mayor Rudolph Giuliani nearly incited a riot when he recently suggested that the public schools might have a lot to learn from their counterparts in the Archdiocese. The responses to this rather common-sense suggestion were an assortment of tantrums. Left undiscussed, of course, was the mayor's actual suggestion.

Even when adjusted for population, New York City parochial schools come out far ahead of the public schools in terms of retention, performance, rates of graduation, and continuation to university—and, at that, the parochial schools serve largely minority, non-Catholic, populations. The reasons are decidedly unsexy; that is, they have *nothing* to do with fancy pedagogical theories, "self-esteem," or multiculturalism. The parochial schools succeed for two simple reasons: an environment of discipline and respect, and the use of traditional curricula.

I have taught philosophy and general humanities in a CUNY college where the vast majority of students are products of the New York public-school system. I am thus in a position to determine (at least, anecdotally) whether or not these two factors are really worth their salt; they *are*. And insofar as they are lacking in the public schools, the students who are fed into the CUNY system generally have poor working skills (read: are lazy), little to no reading or writing skills (read: are largely illiterate), and little to no academic knowledge (read: are ignorant). It is a tragedy of epic proportions.

The tragedy, however, encompasses more than simply the complete lack of academic preparation. These kids are, for the most part, living in what can only be described as Hell. They live in deteriorating apartment complexes or projects, usually with but one parent (either trying to cope but overwhelmed, or else useless—a drunk or drug addict). Worst of all, the girls themselves have babies.

The class I taught last fall was a required core course, populated almost entirely by freshmen. Of the girls in the class, mostly 17 or 18 years of age, almost half had babies. Half of this half would actually bring these babies to class. What are the chances that a girl can absorb Plato's distinction between forms and sensible objects or Anselm's ontological argument for the existence of God, while her kid is screaming and running around and mother is trying to control it while simultaneously worrying about where the father is, or whether she and the kid are going to get shot walking home?

But we cannot blame the students' educational or behavioral difficulties solely on the squalor in which they live. After all, crime rates were not remarkable during the Great Depression (where not only was the poverty worse, but there was no safety net), and I never heard that kids knifed each other over jackets or "getting dissed."

It ultimately comes down to *individuals*; the students, the parents, and the teachers. Students don't care about their own futures let alone about anyone else's (as the "kids having babies" phenomenon shows), and the teachers don't want to give a real education. It's much easier, after all, to "affirm" students' "personal lives and experiences" than to write a rigorous lecture on *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

But the granddaddy of all stupidities must be CUNY's policy of open admissions. Basically, you do not have to know how to read, write, or do arithmetic in order to be considered qualified for a four-year CUNY college. So given that we have these students here, what happens next? Dumbing down and excuse-making. Last semester, in one of our faculty meetings, I expressed dismay over the number of students whose first papers I had to fail for clear plagiarism. We spent the next half-hour discussing what I meant by "plagiarism." It was generally opined that these students were "just overwhelmed" by college, and therefore should not be taken to task for their plagiarism.

No wonder my students' writing didn't improve. Their English class was 'reaffirming' their ignorance

Similarly, when we discussed writing, I explained how I start every course with a primer on analytical skills—basic logic, the nature and importance of definitions, the difference between argument and rhetoric. My colleagues criticized this "foundationalist" approach, and I was told by the English instructor that the way she did things was "just to get the students started writing" (what people who know nothing, don't read, and can't write will write about was never explained). Completely absent was any sort of normative instruction. No wonder my students' writing didn't improve over the semester. Their English class was "reaffirming" their ignorance.

It's not fashionable to blame the students for anything, but there are plenty of fools among them too. What is most

Mr. Kaufman teaches at the City University of New York.

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shocking is the fact that many of them seem not to have even a clue as to what's good for them. When we were studying Saint Anselm's proof for the existence of God, one girl was noticeably impatient; finally, I called on her. She wanted to know why she needed to learn "this stuff," of what use it would be to her. My answer was short: "Because it is better to be smart than stupid. Because there is dignity in being educated and cultivated." Her face was a mask of utter puzzlement; she simply could not understand the value of a thing beyond its immediate "quick-fix" potential. And so she simply stopped coming to class.

I fear that most of these young people believe higher education is some kind of vocational training for white-collar jobs. And this is largely our own fault; we are increasingly tending toward "practical" and "applied" areas of education, and evaluating courses and curricula in terms of whether or not they "prepare the student for the real world." But the purpose of higher education must be much deeper than that.

Still, even at a practical level, the schools are performing miserably. Being able to write and speak decent English is a necessary condition for survival in this society and although I was on campus three days a week, I never once heard English spoken in the halls or stairwells of this institution (where the students seem to be 80 to 90 per cent Hispanic). We have failed at even the most basic aspect of acculturation—teaching our own language.

And this all comes back to K–12 and public *v.* parochial education. Of my twenty students, only three received an A– or better as a final grade. All three had gone to Catholic high schools. Several others scored in the B range (and still, their writing skills were atrocious) and the rest scored C– through F. So there was really no large middle range as there would be on a proper curve. Students either excelled (and those had had a Catholic education) or did extremely poorly (and these had gone through the public system).

Still, even for the students who ultimately did poorly, forcing them to deal with real material and holding them to rigorous standards did produce a modest improvement in their work. Students who received an F for plagiarism once did not plagiarize again. The situation, while bad, is not hopeless.

However, if we continue to populate public educational institutions with the leftist faculty and administrators we have now, the situation will probably get worse. For it's not just the ideas which are essential, it's the people who must implement them. □

Alter Ego

Since 1970 'ed psych' has taken over education. Baby boomers, meet John Dewey.

BEVERLY K. EAKMAN

IT WAS the year of the nation's Bicentennial, 1976, when education's high priests finally succeeded in their struggle (which had been going on since the heyday of John Dewey's "progressive education" in the 1920s) to shift schools away from academics and toward socialization and guardianship. Teachers threw out stuffy old books, tests and curricula were dumbed down, and once-neat rows of desks were replaced by "open classrooms."

The increasingly powerful teachers' unions solidified their gains by insisting that teachers be treated as "experts" and "professionals." The tactic swelled union membership rolls as classrooms dissolved into chaos. But the upshot of unionization was that it launched an us-against-them mentality. Frustrated teachers lashed out at their superiors and at the mothers and fathers who expected so much from them. Meanwhile, the new variety of school principal pushed teachers to pass failing students and "relate to youngsters on their own terms." Grade inflation became rampant.

So along came "accountability" legislation. Accountability meant developing a process by which we teachers would prove statistically each term that so much learning had transpired in our classrooms. This sounded professional and hard-nosed. But since there was no longer any hint as to what a child *ought* to know by such-and-such a grade, department heads told us to write our objectives accordingly. If we set our goals too high, they said, we were the ones who would look bad.

Besides concern for promotions and funding, the schools' rationale was that nobody should have his personality "warped" by failure. Education psychologists in expensive think tanks questioned whether the ability to spell correctly was worth the price of a traumatized student. (They didn't ask if the license to spell *in*correctly was worth the price of a traumatized adult.) Psychologists challenged: Do you want your child to be a Hitler? A Mussolini? This struck a chord with the World War II generation.

By 1978, day care was a booming business, and educators had become "agents of social change" and "facilitators of learning." Psychiatrists touted the day-care concept as being not only beneficial to parents, but a boon to a child's socialization and school readiness. The reality, of course, was less positive. Day-care centers overstimulated toddlers and made them nervous; they transmitted diseases like hepatitis; and they weakened the bond between parent and child. But the groundwork had been laid. Institutions of "learning" had now taken on a new function: that of substitute parent.

Unsurprisingly, by the 1980s American teachers were no longer able to take pleasure or pride in their work—and the quality of new teachers suffered accordingly. Many couldn't do simple math; some didn't know their history or geography; others couldn't punctuate or spell correctly. Of course, by that time many of the experienced instructors of yesteryear had been weeded out, leaving young people who knew more about "ed psych" than their subject area. Child psychology, adolescent psychology, educational psychology, behavioral psychology—when I left graduate school in 1972, psychology courses already had superseded scholarly pursuits for America's prospective educators.

Mrs. Eakman is Executive Director of the National Education Consortium.

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By 1990, the teacher had become almost indistinguishable from the National Education Association's far-Left political agenda to the majority of taxpayers. That agenda was dominated by the Human Potential Movement, which, in turn, was directed by many of the same behavioral psychologists who had orchestrated the shift of education's focus in the first place—people such as Ralph Tyler (1903–1994), former U.S. Commissioner of Education. His forte was educational testing, which was typically long on attitudes and opinions and short on substance. For example, in Pennsylvania's Education Quality Assessment, 61 per cent of the questions were in the following vein:

> "I feel I don't have much chance to control things that happen to me." Check: (a) Very true of me. (b) Mostly true of me. (c) Mostly untrue of me. (d) Very untrue of me.
>
> You are asked to sit at a table with retarded students. In this situation you would feel: (a) Very comfortable. (b) Comfortable. (c) Slightly uncomfortable. (d) Very uncomfortable.

If a majority of students in a school district gave "inappropriate" responses to the same questions, then "remedial" minicourses were brought in to improve scores. In other words, personal opinions were being assessed for "correctness," then "remediated" if they didn't pass muster. Furthermore, most tests are "slugged" so as to be identifiable down to the individual child—so much for confidentiality.

Despite periodic protests by parents' groups, the practice has been largely ignored by legislators—until February 9 of this year, when the *Pittsburgh Tribune-Review*'s Dennis Barbagello scooped the rest of the media with a story concerning three Pennsylvania school districts targeted to be part of a psychological experiment. He revealed that the National Institutes of Mental Health had made a grant to Western Psychiatric Institute for a study of pharmaceutical and psychosocial treatments of Attention Deficit Disorder.

Neither parents nor school boards had been fully apprised of the effort; they had to find out for themselves. As a result, one district (Shaaler) refused to participate, another (Gateway) quit after six weeks. Only low-income Duquesne fully participated.

Although Western Psychiatric vehemently denies administering any experimental drugs—that part of the charge is still being investigated—the psychological questionnaires are in hand. Records exist of particular children having been seen and perhaps treated by a psychiatrist. Insurance companies, potential employers, or political opponents would find such information useful. At this writing, State Rep. Sam Rohrer is spearheading an investigation, and a potentially precedent-setting "opt-out" bill for parents is pending.

Whatever the outcome of this particular case, it was Ralph Tyler's "whole-child" approach to education that brought us to this point. In theory "whole-child" education meant targeting the child's emotions, feelings, and beliefs as well as his intellect. In practice, what the child believed and felt became more important than what he knew, and schooling became a process of "changing students' fixed beliefs" (to use the phrase coined by Tyler's colleague Benjamin Bloom) instead of imparting substantive knowledge.

As Tyler's theme was picked up and promulgated, the primary thrust was to develop strategies for inculcating "appropriate responses" to life's challenges. The primary method was "behavioral conditioning"—a technique advanced by B. F. Skinner (and pioneered by Pavlov and his famous dog).

Various labels have been applied to behavioral conditioning—from "effective schools movement" and "humanizing education" in the 1970s to "mastery learning" in the 1980s and "outcome-based education" (OBE) in the 1990s. But all reflect a socialization agenda John Dewey would have approved.

What the child believed and felt became more important than what he knew

Banking on the fact that most people (including teachers) will never investigate the semantics, education heavyweights at the NEA and the Department of Education continue to call what

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they are doing "cognitive learning" and insist that the goals and outcomes of OBE are going to usher in a new era of tough "standards."

The words "cognitive" and "standards" sound like English, and the average person translates this as "academics" —i.e., the sort of facts transmitted through a traditional curriculum: Where is the equator? If a 60 days note of $950 is discounted at a bank at 5½ per cent, what are the proceeds?

But in the technical terminology used by behavioral psychologists, "cognitive" means that curricula dealing primarily with attitudes, opinions, viewpoints, and beliefs constitute "basic" subject matter.

The public also misinterprets terms like *modifying behavior*, *targeting attitudes*, and *outcomes*. Because of the massive problem of disruptive students, the public assumes that *behavior* means "conduct," that *attitude* means "temperament," and that *outcomes* mean "standards." Not so. In the jargon of psychology, *modifying behavior* means "altering beliefs," *attitude* is synonymous with "viewpoint," and *outcomes* are the automatic, subconscious responses a child is supposed to have when he leaves school.

Because we have allowed psychology to become education's alter ego, the entire school-age population is deemed "at risk" for one reason or another—while good, caring parents abandon the system in droves. Miscreants are provided with all manner of special programs and enticements, while disciplined and motivated children are forced to tutor the pupils who won't buckle down. The overriding concern of school authorities is to keep disruptive students from dropping out, not to produce leaders for tomorrow. ❑

Open Letter

Advice for a candidate who remembers when 2nd-graders could read.

REGNA LEE WOOD

DEAR Senator Dole:

Before it is too late, Americans must see that adult illiteracy is not just one among many serious national problems. It is the source of the worst ills of American society today.

As long as a third of America's public-school students in grades 4 through 12 can't read, efforts to save the nation with flatter taxes, balanced budgets, welfare reform, more policemen, or line-item vetoes are in vain.

Demonstrably, devastating illiteracy among schoolchildren came first among the problems afflicting our society, and it must go first. The incidence of juvenile crime doubled in the U.S. between 1948 and 1955. Ironically, it doubled while Axis and other Allied countries were still enjoying the decrease in juvenile delinquency that occurred when fathers who had been in military service in World War II came home. The difference in our country was that illiteracy had begun to soar in the early 1940s. And when the bored and resentful illiterate teenagers of the late 1940s became bored and resentful illiterate men, the numbers of American girls and women with illegitimate babies doubled between 1950 and 1960.

Indeed, the failure to teach millions of normal first-, second-, and third-graders to read in the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties was surely a major factor in the "Savage Sixties," with their riots, gang wars, soaring crime, and burgeoning welfare.

The scores on Armed Forces academic tests taken during the draft years from 1940 to 1973 should have warned us:

Illiteracy—defined by the Army as the inability to read at a fourth-grade level —zoomed from 4 per cent during World War II to 20 per cent during the Korean War to over 25 per cent during the Vietnam War—a 500 per cent increase. And illiteracy among military registrants with at least 4 years of education skyrocketed from 1 out of 200 in World War II to 20 out of 100 in the Korean War to more than 25 out of 100 in the Vietnam War—an unbelievable 5,000 per cent increase.

Non-reading high-school graduates were suspected of faking illiteracy to stay out of the Korean War. They weren't

The Army rejected 600,000 to 700,000 young men between 1950 and 1953 because they couldn't read orders, signs, maps, and safety regulations. Defense Department psychologists interviewed thousands of non-reading high-school graduates who were suspected of faking illiteracy to stay out of the Korean War. They weren't.

Why did the World War II registrants outscore the Korean and Vietnam War registrants by so much? By any of today's standards for estimating success or failure for students, the World War II registrants should have made the lowest, not the highest, scores.

Half were from families with incomes below the poverty line.

Only 30 per cent had high-school diplomas; just 5 per cent had college degrees.

Average schooling for white adults was 8-plus years; for black adults, 4-plus years.

There was no pre-school or Head Start. Three-fourths of the World War II generation went to schools with 7- or 8-month school years.

In 1990 dollars the yearly expenditures per student in the years when World War II GIs were in grade school ranged from $500 to $950.

What did the World War II registrants have that Korean War registrants just 5 to 9 years younger didn't have? Why are they the undisputed twentieth-century scholastic champions?

The prospective World War II recruits had all learned to match spoken sounds with letters that spell sounds in phonics reading classes before 1932.

Mrs. Wood, a retired teacher, is director of research of the National Right to Read Foundation.

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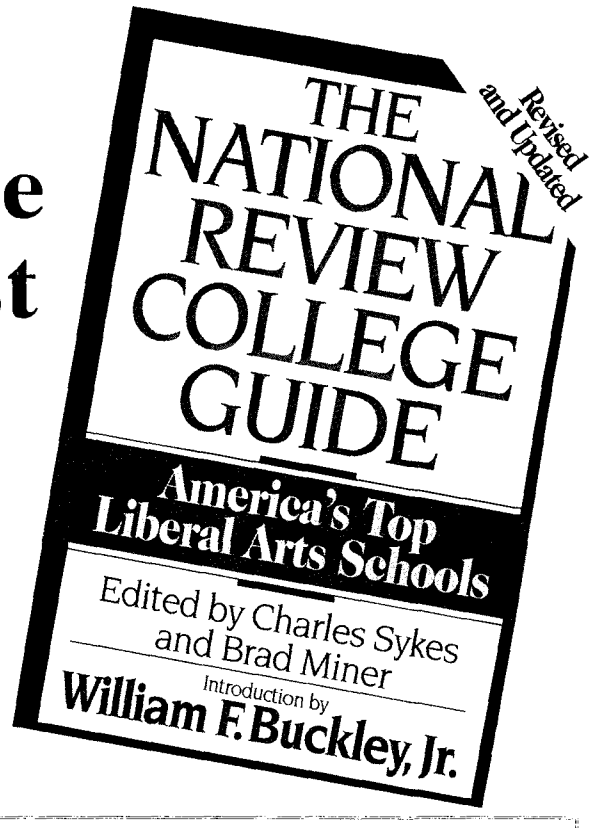
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Many of the Korean War registrants had learned—or *not* learned—to read in the new whole-word sight-repetition reading classes that were introduced in 1933.

THE World War II generation learned to read well and easily before 1932. And they were able to put their reading skills to use. History proves it.

When Congress passed the draft legislation in September 1940, there were just 200,000 Americans in the Armed Forces, and another 200,000 in the Reserves. When the Japanese signed the peace treaty in September 1945, 11 million were in uniform; 12 million had served. And another 9 to 10 million Americans were doing civilian jobs they had learned to do since 1940. Overnight U.S. business, professional, and military leaders managed to train more than 20 million U.S. citizens to do new, sometimes difficult, and often very dangerous jobs. And they did both military and civilian jobs to a fare-thee-well. They fought everywhere, even when the odds were hopeless. And they built ships, tanks, trucks, and planes; they made guns, shells, boots, uniforms, tents, and parachutes; they processed A, B, and C rations; they assembled generators, radios, radar, and sonar for Allied armies and navies all over the world. What they had going for them was a 97 per cent literacy rate. They never could have done all this with today's 76 per cent workforce literacy rate —one which we share with Zimbabwe.

When the U.S. Department of Education released the first report on the congressionally mandated National Adult Literacy Survey in September 1993, President Clinton should have declared a period of national mourning.

Incredibly, half of those who took the Survey (27,000 people chosen demographically to represent the 190 million Americans over the age of 16) scored in Levels 1 and 2, illiterate and barely literate. Here are the percentages of various socioeconomic groups that scored in Levels 1 and 2:

—87 per cent of the 58 million who are "Out of the Work Force."

—80 per cent of the 44 million "Disabled."

—80 per cent of the 20 million "Black and Hispanic adults."

—75 per cent of the 21 million adult "Welfare Recipients."

Of course, this is a partially duplicated count. But these are jolting figures, which graphically show why the 95 million Americans in Levels 3, 4, and 5—i.e., those who can read with a 6th-grade proficiency or better—are having a tougher and tougher time supporting the 95 million Americans in Levels 1 and 2.

Ask yourself: Does this look like a problem that can be solved by Goals 2000? Longer school days and years? Vouchers? More college loans and computers?

During the pre-convention whistle-stop tour, President Clinton presented his recommendations to improve American public education. In so doing, he revealed that he had listened to at least some of the GOP proceedings in San Diego. Along with computers on every desk, free public two-year college educations, and tax refunds and tax credits for college tuition, he repeated the goal stated by Texas Governor George Bush: "All children should be able to read on their own by the third grade."

Then he proposed a "modest" national literacy campaign. About thirty thousand Education Department reading experts and coordinators for one million volunteers "will help our children learn to read by the third grade."

I wonder if President Clinton or most members of Congress know that last year U.S. taxpayers paid $50 *billion* to 400,000 instructors (largely reading teachers with graduate degrees) with 400,000 support personnel to teach nearly 12 million Special Education and Chapter I students remedial reading, math, and language courses? (Only a million of these "disabled" students have *any* physical or mental disability. Nearly all of the remaining 11 million are teaching failures—they have never been taught to read.) And do the President and Congress know that Americans have paid $500 *billion* for these two unsuccessful programs since 1975? According to longitudinal studies commisioned by the Education Department both programs are failures.

Thomas Jefferson said that anyone who thinks a nation can be ignorant and remain free believes what never was and never will be. Please, Mr. Dole, don't be the umpteenth Republican presidential candidate who fails to address the biggest threat to the security of this nation since Pearl Harbor. Tell critics who fault you for lacking "innovative vision" for the twenty-first century that you have something better: a clear memory of the public schools that produced the last highly literate generation of American citizens. And that you know it wasn't that difficult. And that with God's grace and enough votes on November 5 you will see to it that American public schools do it again. □

¡Ingles, Si!

Hispanic parents want what's best for their children—and the country.

JORGE AMSELLE

AS the new school year gets under way, over one million Hispanic children are beginning their classroom experience in the United States in Spanish rather than English. For nearly thirty years professional Hispanic activists and bilingual-education proponents have been telling us that this is what Hispanic parents want, and that it is in the best interests of Hispanic children.

But every poll conducted of language-minority parents has shown that what they want for their children is English. The Center for Equal Opportunity recently commissioned a national survey of six hundred Hispanic parents—the first of its kind in more than eight years. This survey found that more than 80 per cent of Hispanic parents want their children taught in English and not in Spanish. And 63 per cent want their children to be taught English as quickly as possible—whereas bilingual-educa-

Mr. Amselle is communications director for the Center for Equal Opportunity in Washington, D.C.

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tion theory calls for children to be taught academic content courses in their native language for five to seven years.

WHILE the education establishment is resisting the deconstruction of bilingual education, some progress is being made. In response to parents' protests, New York City is ending the automatic testing of children with Spanish names for placement in bilingual programs. The main problem with this approach was that students were being misidentified as needing bilingual education when their problem was that they had not been taught to read in any language. Hispanic children who scored below the 40th percentile in a standardized English exam, which by definition is 40 per cent of all the students taking the test, were automatically placed in Spanish-language programs, even if they did not speak Spanish.

In Los Angeles, over 100 Latino parents picketed their local school for almost two weeks to protest the lack of English instruction. These parents had a legal right to request all-English instruction for their children, but their rights were nullified by the hurdles placed before them by school administrators.

The boycott ended only when the school promised to provide classes in English. The school also promised to halt the practice of requiring parents to attend parent–teacher conferences before allowing children out of the bilingual program. Parent-teacher conferences are often used to bully, intimidate, and shame parents into leaving their children in bilingual programs they know don't work.

Indeed, bilingual education is working so poorly in California that the State Board of Education is backing off from forcing school districts to use native-language instruction. The California Teachers Association has also joined the stampede away from bilingual education. Its newsletter states that the emphasis on using children's native language has "crippled the Spanish-speaking child's educational development."

Despite the mounting evidence, there are researchers and organizations, like Virginia Collier of George Mason University and the National Association for Bilingual Education (NABE), that continue to praise this failed educational technique. Professor Collier's study is often cited as proof that bilingual education works. However, her study has yet to be completed, let alone subjected to peer review.

In a monograph published by the New Jersey Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages–Bilingual Education (NJTESOL–BE), Professor Collier shares some of her less publicized insights. "We must encourage language-minority parents to speak the first language at home, not to speak English. The worst advice [teachers] can give parents is to speak only English at home," she writes. She even suggests that teaching children only in English is child abuse. She writes: "To deny a child the only means of communicating with his parents or to denigrate an adolescent for expressing her emotions through first language is tantamount to physical violence toward that student."

NABE readily admits that bilingual education is failing at least some students, calling these cases "abhorrent aberration[s]." However, NABE ignores the fact that the few bilingual-education programs that work do so only because they are more English-intensive than what NABE advocates.

In fact, the vast majority of the research in favor of bilingual education is desperately flawed. Professor Christine Rossell of Boston University has conducted an extensive review of over 300 bilingual-education studies. She found that only 60 measured reading ability in a methodologically acceptable way; of these, 78 per cent found bilingual education to be no better or actually worse than doing nothing. For math scores, 91 per cent of the 34 scientifically valid studies showed bilingual education to be no better than doing nothing.

In spite of this evidence, Latino parents who oppose bilingual education often find themselves fighting a lonely battle. In fact, in both Los Angeles and New York City anti-bilingual-education parents' groups are being assisted by the religious organizations, not by traditional Hispanic advocacy groups. The reason is that traditional Hispanic organizations long ago sold out the interests of Latino parents to the bilingual education establishment. Now, whenever parents complain about a system that fails to teach their children English, their representatives not only ignore their pleas for help, but actually oppose them.

Some Members of Congress as well as many state legislators are seeking far-reaching reforms of bilingual education. Unfortunately, because Congress ignored an opportunity to reform federal bilingual-education policy as part of the Official English legislation passed recently by the House, Hispanic children and parents will have to suffer through another year of bilingual education. □

Activist on Board

Fresh from inventing the tragedy of 'shortchanged girls,' Anne Bryant is back.

CHRISTINA HOFF SOMMERS

WHAT happens when a respected mainstream education organization is taken over by an activist with a hard-core agenda? The National School Boards Association is about to find out.

Anne L. Bryant has just resigned the directorship of the American Association of University Women to become director of the National School Boards Association. If she is as effective at her new post as she was at the AAUW, we shall soon be seeing the NSBA diverted from its primary mission of improving education to the more activist goal of alerting the public to how the nation's schools are "failing at fairness." It was Anne Bryant who promoted the false but widely credited belief that the nation's girl students are being drained of their self-esteem in a school system that favors boys.

The 56-year-old National School Boards Association, a staid but powerful

Professor Sommers, who teaches philosophy at Clark University, is the author of Who Stole Feminism? *(Simon & Schuster) and a member of the Advisory Board of the Independent Women's Forum.*

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organization, has been called a sleeping giant. With an annual budget of $18 million, it represents 95,000 school-board members who preside over elementary and secondary schools serving 90 per cent of America's student population. It publishes a journal, holds conferences, lobbies Congress, and works at the local level as a community advocate for public-school children and their schools. But in recent years the organization has been criticized for being "too reactive." Louis Grumet, the executive director of the New York affiliate, criticized the NSBA for taking "weak namby-pamby stands that won't offend anybody." In December, when the board sought a replacement for the retiring Thomas A. Shannon, it turned to Anne Bryant to do for it what she had done for the AAUW.

According to Mary Pipher, 'Just as planes and ships disappear into the Bermuda Triangle, so do the selves of girls go down in droves'

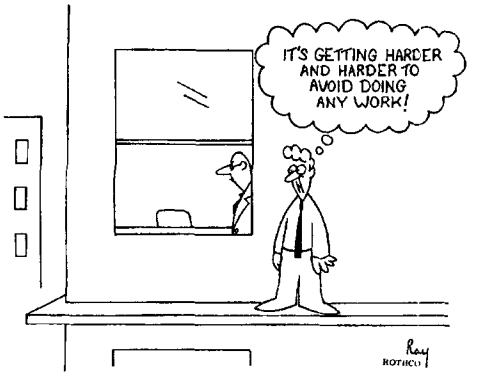
When Mrs. Bryant first arrived at the AAUW, its membership was dropping and its mission was uncertain. With women on the way to becoming more than 55 per cent of college students, it was no longer easy to argue that they were suffering from gender bias. But, through the artful manipulation of statistics, little girls could still be portrayed as victims of a gender gap.

A former consultant for trade associations in Washington, D.C., Mrs. Bryant developed a plan to move the AAUW into the limelight. She commissioned two studies that would "prove" that our nation's girls were being drained of their self-confidence by sexist schools. Then, with great fanfare, she released the findings to an uncritical, even enthusiastic, media. At the time the first study was made public the AAUW candidly explained to the *New York Times* why the research was undertaken in the first place. It was pure advocacy: "We wanted to put some factual data behind our belief that girls are getting shortchanged in the classroom." Needless to say, belief should come after, not before, data-gathering. But Mrs. Bryant and the AAUW got what they wanted. AAUW brochures were soon referring to the state of girls' self-esteem as "an unacknowledged American tragedy."

The AAUW's conclusions were inconsistent with the literature on adolescent development, and their dramatic results have never been replicated. Anne Bryant once told *Philadelphia Inquirer* writer Cathy Young that the AAUW's self-esteem research had been "duplicated more than 20 to 30 times," but when Miss Young asked for a list of published titles, Mrs. Bryant could only refer her to an article in *Sassy* magazine. As far back as 1991, *Science News* ran a story reporting the disbelief of leading researchers.

Mrs. Bryant moved quickly to do a second, equally unscientific, study of gender bias. *Education Week* reports that she spent $100,000 for the study and $150,000 on promoting it. The promotion was spectacularly successful. As Mrs. Bryant boasted in a recent fund-raising letter: "Our report opened the eyes of Congress, the media, and the public to the tragedy of gender bias in the schools today."

SHE had every right to boast. The parlous state of girls' self-esteem had achieved the status of a national emergency. Congress quickly reacted by passing the Gender Equity in Education Act "to help make school an environment where girls are nurtured and respected"; girls are now officially categorized as a "historically underserved population" by the United States Government. Millions in grants were awarded to learn how to cope with the insidious bias against girls. A spate of popular anecdotal books—with titles like *Failing at Fairness: How America's Schools Cheat Girls* and *Reviving Ophelia: Saving the Selves of Adolescent Girls*—deplored our "girl-destroying culture." Novelist Carolyn See declared (in the *Washington Post*), "The most heroic, fearless, graceful, tortured human beings in this land must be girls from the ages 12 to 15." According to Dr. Mary Pipher, whose *Reviving Ophelia* has been on the *New York Times* paperback best-seller list for more than seventy weeks, "Something dramatic happens to girls in early adolescence. Just as planes and ships disappear mysteriously into the Bermuda Triangle, so do the selves of girls go down in droves. They crash and burn."



The public's perception of what was going on in the nation's schools had been permanently affected, and AAUW membership shot up. It hardly matters that the so-called tragedy of America's victimized and diminished girls exists only in the minds of feminist ideologues. Anne Bryant had put the AAUW on the map. A recent book describes how she felt when the second "shortchanged girls" study was so warmly received by the media. "Anne [Bryant] said, 'I remember going to bed the night our report was issued, totally exhilarated. When I woke up the next morning, the first thought in my mind was 'Oh my God, what to do now?'"

Well, what *will* she do now? First, we may be sure she will neutralize the relatively conservative membership of the NSBA and surround herself with her own kind of activists. She makes no bones about her intention to lead on the issues as she sees them: "When you take on a position, not everyone is going to love you." Second, she will be up to her old tricks of sponsoring advocacy research, announcing "findings," and getting the public aroused to new "unacknowledged tragedies." *Education Week* reports that she is already engaged in forming an NSBA Foundation she "hopes to use to conduct research on issues facing school boards." So while we do not yet know the details, we know what to expect: more use of "educational initiatives" for political ends; more aggressive shaping of the public perceptions of what is going on in the nation's schools; and above all, more government money for educational apparatchiks to deal with phony issues that have no conceivable educational value. □

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Parents' Rights

Educators have been waging a covert war on parents–who are starting to fight back.

MICHAEL CHIUSANO

CRAIG Goddard's first-grade son came home from public school one day and told his father that women could change themselves into men and men into women. It turns out that the boy, a student at Brookline Elementary School just outside Boston, was learning the details of the sex-change process from a transsexual parent, invited into first-grade classes by one of the school's faculty.

At about the same time, children in a school in Ashland, Mass., were assigned to play "gays" in a school skit. One boy's line was, "It's natural to be attracted to the same sex." Two girls were told to hold hands and pretend they were lesbians. Parents were not informed in advance.

In nearby Newton, Mass., a young father, Brian Camenker, learned that a 7th-grade class in sex education used graphic descriptions of oral and anal sex. When he went to the school principal and asked to see the curriculum, the principal said no and told him that if he didn't like the situation he could send his child to private school. Mr. Camenker had the Massachusetts Secretary of State notify the school system of statutory law regarding parents' rights to view curricula, after which he arranged to have parents visit the school committee and read aloud passages used for 12-year-old children. The quoted passages were so offensive the committee cut off debate and threatened to call the police to have Mr. Camenker removed from the meeting.

What happened to these parents and children was, sadly, not a rare occurrence. Across the country, bizarre and intrusive programs are part of everyday business in public (and private) schools, a world virtually at war with the everyday values of parents.

Welcome to 1996, the year parents are finally realizing that something goofy—and dangerous—is happening to their children. Consider the First AIDS Kit, an "educational resource," to use the jargon, put out by the Harvard Community Health Foundation—part of one of the most respected health establishments in the country—for teaching youngsters about the hazards of AIDS. Inside, students will find, right away, a discount coupon from the local pharmacy for their next condom purchase. Then it's on to "Talk about Sex," a "booklet for young people on how to talk about sexuality and HIV/AIDS." Here students read that there are all kinds of sexuality: bisexual, heterosexual, homosexual, transsexual, and transvestite, in that order and all treated with

Mr. Chiusano is vice president of the Parents' Rights Coalition, P.O. Box 175, Newton, Mass. 02166; phone: 617-433-7106.

On the Battlefront

WHY have parents lost faith in public educators? Here are a few reasons why parents across the Commonwealth of Massachusetts are demanding real protection from their legislature:

—At a required school assembly in Chelmsford, an instructor used four-letter words, described the joys of oral and anal sex, and had children participate in licking condoms. Parents were not notified about this in advance.

—A 14-year-old Beverly High School girl came home and told her father that he was a "homophobe." She had just returned from "Homophobia Week" sessions at the school.

—In Westford, 13-year-olds were asked on a quiz, "What is the best method against pregnancy?" "Abstinence" was deemed to be incorrect.

—At a Lexington high school Gay and Lesbian Resource Center, 13-year-olds can borrow a book (bought with state health funds) telling how gay men at the opera can socialize with "the backs of their trousers discreetly parted so they could experience a little extra pleasure while viewing the spectacle on stage."

—In Falmouth, a mother asked school officials why her son was being shown R-rated movies—not allowed at home—in school without her permission. The English Department head told her that it was OK because it went along with the themes that were being presented that quarter, and that "the message of the films transcends the language and violence."

—In Newton, a high-school principal told a group of parents that they could not remove their children from the condom-distribution program because "it is too important."

—At Silver Lake High School, the ninth-grade health text teaches: "Testing your ability to function sexually and give pleasure to another person may be less threatening in the early teens with people of your own sex." Also, "You may come to the conclusion that growing up means rejecting the values of your parents." Students were told to keep the book in their lockers and not take it home.

—The "First AIDS" kits described above in "Parents' Rights" also advised girls that even if parents tell them to abstain from sex, "You need to make the best choice for yourself."

—In Manomet, an 8th-grade health class passed out material which one boy said was against his parents' beliefs. He was told by the instructor, "If you have any trouble with your parents, tell me and I'll handle them."

—In Nutting Lake, "counselors" conducted a group session where a girl was asked to share with the class the details of her parents' divorce and her father's affair. The sessions were to be kept confidential from parents.

—In Lexington, students were told to answer surveys on their use of drugs and on personal feelings about suicide and death. Parents were outraged when they found out. —MC

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a fine impartiality. The booklet advises students, "For many young people, exploring their sexuality with someone of the same gender is a natural part of growing up." All three sexual orientations, advises the booklet, "are part of being human."

In addition, the handy "Proud Pete" flipbook, which you activate by flipping its pages through your fingers, shows a cartoon version of a penis becoming erect and a condom slipping over it. One health educator actually told a school board that "Proud Pete" was designed for Hispanic students who might not be able to read the English prose in the rest of the kit.

Naturally, this material makes no mention of marriage or traditional family structure and instead assumes a norm of complete sexual anarchy. But one item was considered potentially controversial: the condom key chain. This contraption, with a ring for Dad's car keys, has a slide-out drawer that holds a condom. Sensitive to parental concerns, Harvard Health sells the kit with and without the condom key chain.

ANOTHER area that has sent parents reeling is so-called "death education." The pedagogical "theory" here is that "death is part of life," that if youngsters "experience" death they will be more healthy mentally and have higher self-esteem. In these programs, children are brought to cemeteries and mortuaries, where the viewing of corpses is deemed to have high educational value. A common classroom exercise is having students write their own obituary.

Again, a concrete example is instructive. Several years ago, a community in western Massachusetts had an unusual number of teen suicides. An educational consultant (who asked not to be identified) determined to find out why, and arranged to meet the teacher involved in the "death education" course. The meeting went cordially until the consultant asked if the situation was improving, by which he meant, were the suicides tapering off.

The educator's shocking answer was that he did not necessarily agree that fewer suicides constituted improvement. His general tone implied that if the students came to the suicide decision on their own, choosing freely, it would indicate their "courage" to make an independent decision. In this upside-down moral world, any choice is valid, as long as it is freely chosen.

But sex remains the cutting edge, especially homosexuality.

Consider an advocacy group called the Gay, Lesbian, and Straight Teachers Network, now headquartered in New York City. It began in Boston in 1990 as a group to promote homosexual issues in public schools and to assist teachers in "coming out." When Governor Weld gave the go-ahead for his Governor's Commission on Gay and Lesbian Youth, GLSTN's current president was active in setting the agenda for the program. This included the training

Back at the Ranch

A SPRAWLING ranch house on a picturesque rural road in a New England college town is the place where my sons, Dan (13) and Wid (11), have learned their ABCs and where they will graduate from high school.

Harkness Road Homeschool, of which I am headmistress, has been in session year-round for the past nine years. Weekday mornings are spent tackling academic lessons; the afternoons are reserved for chores and play; and in the evenings, Dad hosts math correction seminars. During the Republican presidential primaries, our nights were often spent tracking election results on America Online and watching the candidates' debates on television.

A typical day looks like this: My boys and I have breakfast at a local diner with a single father and his homeschooled son. During the meal, the three boys will recite their New World History answers to their elders. After we finish, we plan next week's assignment, talk about building a radio from a kit, or discuss local politics.

Back at the ranch, Dan will puzzle over geometry problems at the dining-room table, go to the home office for computer-assisted research for his "Wars of the United States" class, and eventually curl up with *Reader's Digest* or *Car and Driver*.

Dan is an independent learner. By age 11, he had completed Algebra 1, and he regularly scores in the 99th percentile on the Stanford Achievement Test. This schoolyear Dan helped me with my doctoral dissertation by crunching numbers and teaching me the particulars of Microsoft Works. But Dan's no nerd. He has been playing ice hockey since he was six years old, and he quarterbacks his Pop Warner football team.

Meanwhile, Wid will be working through fifth-grade grammar and math. After struggling to complete those tasks, he'll happily switch gears to silent reading. Last year, he finally became convinced, thanks to the Hardy Boys, that books with few pictures are worthy of his time.

But he thrives on hands-on learning, so I've had to overcome my squeamishness and go where few homeschooling mothers dare to go. This fall, we tackled an ambitious zoology project which involved dissecting a starfish, grasshopper, perch, frog, and worm.

Although the boys know many children through town sports leagues and a sizable homeschool support group, I take to heart the criticism that homeschoolers grow up socially narrow. On this day-in-the-life we might invite Ricardo, our teenaged Mexican friend, to spend the night. Rico, a born storyteller, will regale our boys with tales of his hard-luck childhood in Veracruz.

We also try to provide the boys with a mosaic of experience outside our middle-class American milieu. Memorable encounters have included having Nelson Mandela's grandson attend our Halloween party and chatting with Pat Buchanan at Lexington Green.

There are days when I wish I could march out of my home in an Armani suit to make piles of money on Wall Street; days when I wish I could hand my children over to the "professionals." But those moments are infrequent. When the day is done and the schoolbooks are tucked away, the bottom line for my trio of guys and me is: We are a happier, closer family.

In true Jimmy Stewart fashion, it's a wonderful life. —ISABEL LYMAN

Mrs. Lyman teaches and writes in Amherst, Mass.

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of teachers in "gay sensitivity," lectures for school personnel and parents, formation of gay/straight alliances for students, gay-history courses, and gay assemblies and library materials.

The planners in Massachusetts knew full well that most parents were not going to sit still for a direct statement about the normality of homosexuality. Instead, as GLSTN's own documents state, it was necessary to "re-frame" the debate, using an argument about the need for safe schools, free of harassment, for gay, lesbian, and bisexual youth. Through a series of unscientific surveys, an "epidemic" of gay teen suicide was postulated, which played on the natural sympathies of normal citizens.

Kevin Jennings, executive director of GLSTN, took the argument from there in a speech he gave to another advocacy group, the Human Rights Campaign Fund: "We immediately seized upon the opponent's calling card—safety—and explained how homophobia represents a threat to students' safety by creating a climate where violence, name-calling, health problems, and suicide are common. Titling our report 'Making Schools Safe for Gay and Lesbian Youth,' we automatically threw our opponents onto the defensive and stole their best line of attack.'"

Note that Jennings brags about using teen "safety" as a rhetorical tactic, nothing more than a debating trick. Also note that when he refers to "opponents" he is really talking about parents. Homosexual activists have been astonishingly successful at their task. In liberal states such as Massachusetts, statutes now make it a "hate" crime to express in public a negative judgment of homosexual behaviors. Gay activists have already warned teachers, administrators, and parents that questioning gay behavior could be grounds for criminal proceedings.

THERE is in all the activism about sexuality and other sensitive issues a rather profound contempt for the bond of parent and child. Part of this is the belief of teachers, therapists, and counselors that all parents are dysfunctional, a hazard to their own children almost by definition. The homosexual activists, meanwhile, know that normal healthy and loving relationships between parents and their children impede the goal of homosexual normalization.

But parents are striking back at all levels of government. The Parents' Rights and Responsibilities Act, sponsored by Rep. Steve Largent and Sen. Charles Grassley, sets broad limits to the state's ability to interfere with parents' upbringing of their children. At the state level, Of the People, a grassroots group, has advocated statewide constitutional amendments along the same lines. And in state legislatures, numbering over 28 as this is written, parents' rights bills have been introduced that affirm and elaborate on the national-level bill.

The activism of recent years is a direct assault on something that has operated for millennia on sacred grounds, outside the reach of the state. The great sleeping giant of parents' rights is going to awake in the political battles to come. □

Wall Street PhD

For-profit education can be good for business—and for education.

MICHAEL P. GARBER

THE "education industry" was born as a news story in the *New York Times* this January. Few of the companies that make up the industry are yet household names—Sylvan Learning Systems, DeVry, ITT Educational Services, KinderCare—but they're now officially on the map.

This spring, two major investment houses—Lehman Brothers and Smith Barney—hosted conferences to introduce institutional investors and investment bankers to the leaders of roughly thirty for-profit education companies looking to raise capital in the equity markets. Their interest in education should be warmly welcomed.

John McLaughlin, editor of *The Education Industry Report* (based in St. Cloud, Minn.), has developed an index to rate the performance of 25 publicly traded education stocks. Last year, the Education Industry Index climbed a whopping 65.5 per cent (the Dow Jones Industrials were up 37 per cent). During the first eight months of this year the index rose another 38 per cent.

Why has Wall Street taken a sudden interest in education companies? For the same reason Wall Street is interested in any industry. America spends roughly $600 billion per year on education, or roughly 10 per cent of our gross national product. That's second only to health care (14 per cent) and more than twice as much as we spend on national defense (4 per cent). As media mogul turned education entrepreneur Chris Whittle reminds us, one point of market share in the elementary–secondary market alone equals $3 billon.

Analysts compare education today to the health-care industry twenty years ago. Until the 1970s, health care was inefficiently managed and dominated by the public sector and non-profit entities that had little direct competition and little incentive for innovation. Costs rose markedly without corresponding improvements in the quality of care. Doctors and boards of directors of non-profit hospitals were the "gatekeepers" in those days, much as local school boards and unionized teachers have a lock on service delivery in education. Then along came HMOs, and a multibillion-dollar industry was born.

It is no coincidence that investment banks have created the notion of "Education Management Organizations" (EMOs) in their investment literature as one of several sectors of the education industry. Companies like the Edison Project and Education Alternatives, Inc., have been the big players in the K–12 arena, but the sector also includes management companies in pre-school and higher education. The biggest performer in the latter sector is the Phoenix-based Apollo Group.

Apollo operates the University of Phoenix, a chain of stand-alone for-profit universities, and it also contracts with smaller universities to provide students with specific degree offerings.

Mr. Garber is administrative assistant for policy, Michigan State Board of Education.

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Catering to the schedules of working people, most of the schools operate from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. An on-line component is also offered, either as a stand-alone means of earning a degree or to augment campus-based offerings. Apollo's stock was offered for $11 per share when the company went public two years ago (with adjusted current value of about $2.40 after a secondary offering and four stock splits). Today, it trades in the mid-20s. When asked if the University of Phoenix has to spend time on "fundraising," founder John Sperling replied, "We don't need an endowment. We have Wall Street."

In addition to education-management groups, the education industry includes sectors such as educational services (learning centers, test-preparation companies) and educational products (textbooks, software).

Sylvan Learning Systems is one of the fastest-growing companies in the educational-services sector. In addition to offering tutorial services (focused on reading, math, and school readiness), Sylvan is now also operating remedial-education programs for 9,000 students in 62 school systems around the country. The company is also expanding into the growing area of testing.

For the market to exist, there have to be buyers. Who's buying and why? First among reasons for private-industry success is widespread dissatisfaction with the current systems, both at the K–12 and the post-secondary levels.

But there are other forces at work as well. Companies like Apollo and Sylvan are taking advantage of a trend concomitant with the rise of the knowledge economy: while the premium paid for intellectual capital is at an all-time high (ask Bill Gates), many are questioning the value of formal academic credentials (again, ask Bill Gates).

Michael Prowse, writing for the *Financial Times* in November 20, 1995, argues that "Higher degrees serve a function akin to that of the exotic plumage of birds: they are primarily a means of attracting attention, of signaling that you deserve special attention." In today's world, as Sylvan Learning Systems knows well, "simple tests of cognitive ability can be administered in less than 30 minutes. Such tests, which can be tailored to the needs of particular companies, are a better guide to job performance than academic degrees."

THE growth of for-profit education comes in the context of the whole reform movement that sprang up in response to the *Nation at Risk* report. Many reform initiatives have been tried since the *Nation at Risk* report.

These reforms (charter-school legislation; vouchers, whether publicly or privately funded) are vital in that they establish the policy framework within which real progress can occur. Deregulation has helped to create an atmosphere in which private companies have been able to enter the education arena. If such reforms are allowed to flourish, a free (or much freer) market in education should lead to the same increases in quality, diversity, and freedom that have touched American life in every other domain.

Of course, market forces can frighten producers—and the teachers' unions and education bureaucracies are practiced at protecting their turf. But corporations

(Continues on page 72)

A Matter of Choice

IN THE late 1980s, J. Patrick Rooney, chairman of Golden Rule, the largest privately held insurance company in the United States, was faced with a dilemma. He couldn't find enough qualified applicants from the local Indianapolis school system to fill the job demands of his rapidly growing company. As a businessman, Rooney knew that the key to reforming public education was to break up the monopoly that existed not just in Indianapolis, but across the country. He realized that without competition, those in power had no real interest in making dramatic changes in education. The public-school system, in fact, was being rewarded with more money each year, despite a dismal record of declining test scores. Low-income families, meanwhile, did not have the means to avoid the worst schools by sending their children to expensive private schools, or by re-locating to a neighborhood where a better school existed.

Rooney lobbied the state legislature to enact a pilot program of school choice. But tremendous opposition from the education establishment doomed a legislative victory. So in 1991, Rooney and Golden Rule began the first private voucher program in the nation.

With an initial $1.5-million investment, the Charitable Choice Trust was set up. It would pay half of the tuition for a poor family to send their child to any school they chose; the parents were responsible for the other half. The response was incredible. Choice Trust began by offering over seven hundred vouchers; every opening was immediately filled and hundreds were on a waiting list. Thousands of families desperately wanted an avenue to escape the cycle of hopelessness in education.

Rooney's pioneering efforts have paid huge dividends. Choice Trust was the first of a large and growing organization of private voucher programs known as CEO America (Children's Educational Opportunity). CEO America has helped establish more than 25 programs across the country, with 6 more planned for 1996–97. With over $30 million of privately invested money since 1991, more than 10,000 students are receiving financial assistance so that they can attend the schools of their choice.

While the complaints can be heard throughout educational establishments, the private-voucher movement is gaining momentum daily. School-choice legislation has been proposed in a number of states. Milwaukee and Cleveland are two cities which have public voucher or choice programs modeled after the CEO program, and Cleveland's public plan has recently cleared the court system.

The results of private vouchers are very encouraging. The largest private voucher program, located in Milwaukee and known as PAVE (Parents for Advancing Values in Education), recently completed a survey concerning its 4,000-plus low-income students now enrolled in schools chosen by their parents. The satisfaction levels among parents is in the 90th percentile in all categories. They now believe—many of them for the first time—that their children have a future. —FRITZ STEIGER

Mr. Steiger is president of the CEO America Foundation.

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

September 7, 1996

Dear Rusty,

It's been a heck of a week. In the first place, I'm still dealing with a lot of the emotional issues that have recently surfaced in my life—things I've kept pretty well hidden deep in my heart. You know me, Rusty—I'm a heart-on-my-sleeve kind of guy; I can't hide my emotions. And yet, somehow, some way, from 1988 to 1996 I campaigned in the South as a friend to the tobacco farmer, a supporter of the tobacco industry, a tobacco farmer myself—all the while internally grieving for my sister who died of lung cancer in 1984.

Psychologists call it "delayed grief transference syndrome," and what it means, basically, is that sometimes it takes a big jolt to wake yourself up—a jolt like realizing that Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, and Illinois don't have any tobacco farmers. You've got to look squarely at an electoral map before the healing can really begin.

And then we had the Dick Morris thing, which is really too sordid to go into here. Suffice it to say that it turns out that Morris had a girlfriend, a mistress, and an illegitimate daughter.

Lucky for us, Bill and HRC took it all pretty calmly. They go back a long way with Dick, so a lot of it probably didn't shock them.

Immediately after we got word that Dick had received a $2.5-million advance from Random House for his memoirs, HRC baked a big batch of brownies and made a giant homemade card that we all had to sign. "Congratulations, Dick! Our Little Boswell! With Best Wishes!" was emblazoned on the front. I'm sure Dick appreciated it, but under the circumstances, it was an odd gesture.

And later, I thought it was weird when they asked us to get on the phone with them last night, so we could all sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" to Dick. After we finished singing—and there were a lot of us crowded around the phone: me, Tip, HRC, Bill, Leon Panetta, George Stephanopoulos, Bob Rubin, and Mike McCurry—I made the mistake of wishing Dick a happy birthday. It turns out it wasn't his birthday after all. We were singing because, as HRC said, "It's Dick's favorite song." When I pointed out that my favorite song is "Do You Know Where You're Going To / Love Theme from 'Mahogany'" and that no one had ever sung it over the phone to me, all HRC said was, "You don't have a book contract."

A few days later, Bill launched an attack on Iraq. And a few days after that, we had a 20-point lead!

The only problem is recapturing the House and Senate. In the first place, the pattern of retirements in the Senate is against us. And in the second place, the House races seem unlikely to be influenced by our campaign.

But can I be honest with you, Rusty? I'm not all that disappointed. I'm thinking a lot about the future, Rusty, and I've got to admit that future includes a run for the Presidency in '00, and when I called the Des Moines TraveLodge yesterday to reserve 25 rooms and the Corn Cob Convention Room for February '00, well, guess what? Dick Gephardt had already reserved them! Ditto the Granite State Motor Inn in Manchester, New Hampshire. So now I'm stuck with the Ottumwa SleepyDaze as my Iowa headquarters and the MinuteMan Zzzs-4-Less in New Hampshire. So excuse me if I don't break my neck campaigning for Speaker Gephardt.

Tonight, as we were all in the Oval Office coloring a big "We Love You, Dick!" banner, the conversation drifted to the latest Time magazine cover—it features Dick and his wife looking glum and haggard. The banner we were working on was supposed to cheer them up. HRC was going to have the Marines fly it up to Connecticut in a C-class helicopter and then just sort of buzz around for a few hours with it flapping away. "If he gets writer's block or something he can just look up and see this happy banner and then maybe he'll want to write happy things," she said.

"Here's what I don't understand," I said. "He cheats on his wife, he humiliates her in public, he's famous for having no real scruples or steadfast beliefs, he's liberal when it suits him and conservative when it suits him . . . I mean, what can you do with a man like that? Why would you stay married to him?"

Just then, Bill re-entered the room from another bombing raid. "Hey!" he cried happily. "We're up 26 points in California!"

HRC looked at me. "That's why," she said. "Sometimes it's worth it."

I'm not sure it is, Rusty. But then, my judgment is clouded. I'm still suffering delayed grief transference syndrome. I'm due in California tomorrow and it's coming on strong. Wish me the best.

Your pal, Al

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help!!!

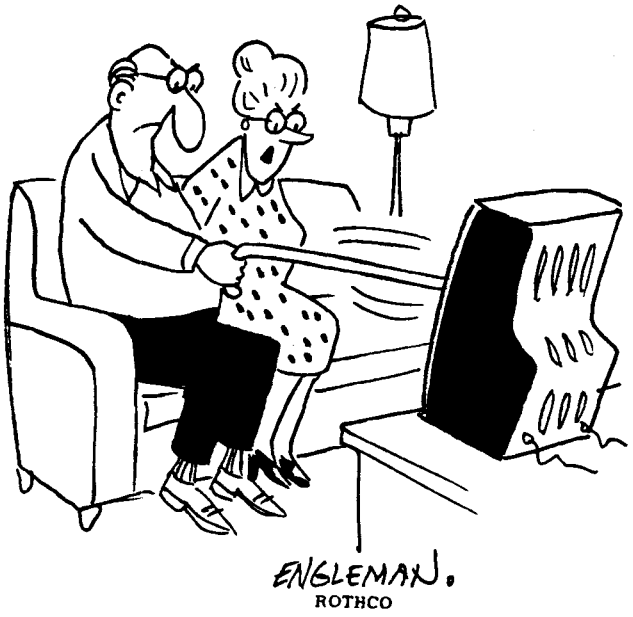
Existentialist

The news
That "God is dead"
He solemnly transmits,
But cannot find His name in the
Obits.

—GLORIA A. MAXSON

"The lawsuit against the store where you bought those squeaky shoes is ready. Just one more thing—there's the matter of the paper cut I received while handling your file . . ."

"Have a good day, Junior. Don't touch unattended packages. Wear your flak jacket. Watch for loony militia men and foreign zealots. Stay clear of drive-by shootings. Avoid teachers, clergy, and other trusted figures who might molest you."



"Will you stop tapping my candidate in the face!"

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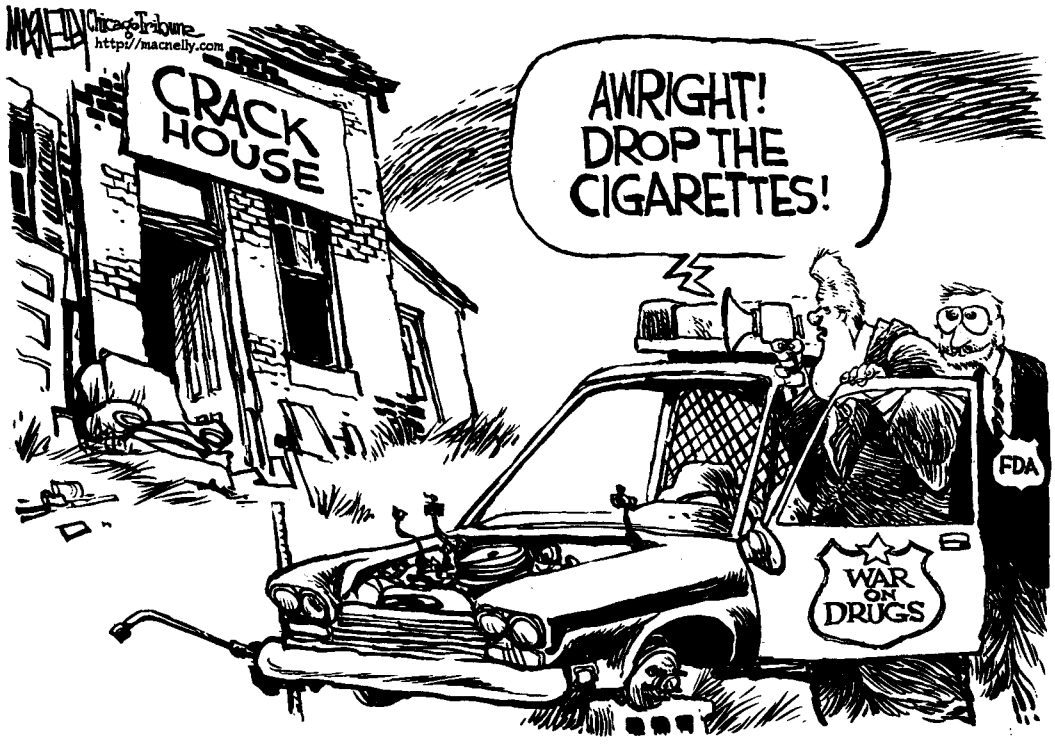

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Eliot's Unfit Reader

HUGH KENNER

AMAZING, the fuss an undistinguished book has caused. Its author, Anthony Julius, is a British lawyer with a British PhD in English. Cambridge University Press emitted it in 1995, to slim notices. It slept for some months. Then, *BANG!* and . . . Well, let a *Sunday Independent* writer sum up the "hot debate":

> Oxford University's professor of poetry, James Fenton, has proclaimed Eliot a "scoundrel" to a packed lecture theater. Craig Raine, the poet, has written an ardent defense of Eliot in the *Financial Times*. Tom Paulin, a fellow poet and lecturer at the neighboring Oxford college to Raine's, has taken Julius's side, as have the Jewish poet Dannie Abse, the novelist Will Self, and Christopher Ricks, one of Eliot's most esteemed biographers.

And that summary omits a piece by novelist/screenwriter Frederic Raphael in *The Weekly Standard*, where we're told a fact without pertinence, that Mr. Julius (whom Raphael calls "a young, post-Holocaust Jew") is "Princess Diana's legal counsel," complete with a typist who was miffed when he "imported a different (more discreet?) typist to deal with palatial business." On the way aloft, in short; and trailing clouds of thesis doth he come.

T. S. Eliot, Anti-Semitism, and Literary Form, by Anthony Julius (Cambridge, 308 pp., $18.95)

His strategy is both simple and legalistic: Take charge from your first court appearance. That means taking charge of what the disputed words mean. "Anti-Semitic"? But listen to this, from the very first paragraph of the Introduction:

> Eliot . . . wounded his Jewish readers, if not the Jews of his acquaintance, to whom, apparently, he was "not disagreeable." Though worth noting, this is not a distinction that yields a defense to the charge of anti-Semitism. If the work, or some notable part of it, is anti-Semitic, it is the work of an anti-Semite.

Now read that again. "If the work, or some notable part of it, is anti-Semitic . . ." That takes being "anti-Semitic" as self-evident. So, if I think it's anti-Semitic, then its author is an anti-Semite. And if I think Mr. Julius is a charlatan, then a charlatan is what he is.

Frederick H. Carlson

(Do I think that? No, I think he's awfully interested in winning a case. Doctoral supervisors can be almost as pliant as jurors.)

Having seized control of the definition of terms, your strategy is to keep crowding. By late in the second paragraph we're reading this:

> There is a difference between reading a text that challenges the worth of one's ideas, and one that challenges the worth of one's person. Eliot's anti-Semitic work constitutes this latter, more radical, challenge to the Jewish reader. How else could he meet these lines from "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar"?
>
> *The rats are underneath the piles.*
> *The jew is underneath the lot.*
> *Money in furs.*

Well, one could meet those lines by asking whence they proceed. Surely Bleistein is Burbank's image of the Jew, as Yankee Burbank, thumbing his Baedeker, is worldly Bleistein's image of the tourist? Yes, that *is* discussable, and in detail modifiable. But even in being discussed it bears out a point. Readers of poetry need not assume that every declarative sentence comes, zap, from the heart of the author. Yet that is an assumption the Julius book makes from page 1 onward.

And for decades no one seems to have been worried by the passages that worry Dr. Julius for a whole book. In 1956 Grover Smith Jr., in his magisterial *T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays*, thought the question of whether this poem was anti-Semitic "obviously not a pressing one." (It sufficed to say, he added, that the poem was "in execrable taste.")

Ah, forty golden years ago! The Holocaust was seeping into exegetical consciousness. Former commentators hadn't felt prodded to adduce the execrable.

But since then something more has happened: a paradigm shift that alters more than our sense of anti-Semitism: that alters our sense of how a poem works, and that explains why, as Eliot criticism settled down into a long-ago orthodoxy, "anti-Semitism" didn't routinely rear its head. I'm indebted to Dr. Julius's fourth chapter for an instance. He's citing Maud Ellmann; but before I quote let me set up a context.

The Waste Land (1922) opens:

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

Mr. Kenner is a professor of English at the University of Georgia.

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Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

Summer surprised us, coming
over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain. We stopped
in the colonnade,
And went on, in sunlight, into
the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for
an hour.

Whereas Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (c. 1390) begins,

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced
to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendred is
the flour; . . .
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen all the nyght with
open ye . . .
Thanne longen folk to goon
on pilgrimages . . .

It once seemed evident that Eliot's lines weighed a twentieth-century yearning against one of five centuries earlier. Fit readers, it was understood, had Chaucer's lines somewhere in mind, and could gauge twentieth-century impatience with the long wet English spring by Chaucer's assumption that spring is a time of awakening. Also, against a slow communal pilgrimage to Canterbury, punctuated by tales, we have one eager American making off for Munich, where he meets a woman who remembers how it was to have been an Austro-Hungarian Archduke's sister. (Eliot was drawing on a memory; he had met that woman, a Countess Marie.)

So, once, about a lifetime ago, *The Waste Land* measured one age's rituals against another, the text on the page echoing against a far earlier text that sounds in the fit reader's memory. But now listen to Dr. Julius, 1995, on "the impulse to deface in Eliot's work." (His citations are from Maud Ellmann's 1987 *The Poetics of Impersonality*.)

> Maud Ellmann has written well about this aspect of *The Waste Land*. It is a poem that "desecrates tradition" and "uses nostalgia to conceal its vandalism." The line "April is the cruellest month," she says, "blasphemes against the first lines of *The Canterbury Tales*, which presents April's showers as sweet." "O keep the dog far hence" is "purloined from Webster." Eliot practices a "verbal kleptomania," challenging the convention "that literary texts are private property." The poem as a whole displays an "anxiety about originality and theft." Rightly, Ellmann runs the theft and the defacements together, implying a connection that Eliot is at pains to deny. The defacement and the anti-Semitism make common cause in Eliot's work.

That's from a long chapter the running head on which reads, "The aesthetics of ugliness." Eliot the contrapuntalist has suddenly vanished, to make way for Eliot the savage defacer. And he has to be watched, because he'll deface whenever he thinks he can get away with it. Buried in the apparatus we find Stevie Smith cited on a revision she "spotted" in 1958:

> In *Murder in the Cathedral* Mr. Eliot uses this rendering, "on earth peace, good will toward men," but in the film script this becomes "peace on earth to men of good will," which is a limitation and a shrinkage of charity, for all men need good will, and most of all those who do not have it.

Readers of poetry need not assume that every declarative sentence comes, zap, from the heart of the author

But Eliot didn't rewrite Scripture, he simply replaced the King James translation of Luke 2:14 with the Douay. His preference is upheld by the 1953 Revised Standard Version, which Dr. Julius will no doubt be chastising if he ever gets around to it.

Lord, how this discussion could run on! I spare you the details of Dr. Julius's discovery of rampant anti-Semitism in "A Cooking Egg" and in the "Death by Water" section of *The Waste Land*. (Carthage, the city of Phlebas the Phoenician, was Semitic; and "that Henry Adams likens Chicago to the 'Semitic Carthage' in his autobiography" is something that "would not have escaped" the man another of whose poems contains the line "Chicago Semite Viennese.")

But enough. The arresting thing about the Julius book is the way everyone seems to have scurried for cover once it became a locus for discussion. Earlier I quoted a *Sunday Independent* piece which adduced Craig Raine's "ardent defense" of Eliot against the suddenly notorious charges. I'll cite one paragraph of Raine's and one sentence:

> Of course it is simpler to convict Eliot of anti-Semitism—a verdict which appeals to our sense of *Schadenfreude*, our contemporary instinct for what Milan Kundera has called "criminography," by which he means the desire to arraign artists on strictly moral grounds, the desire to annihilate rather than administer complicated justice, the desire to consider only the faults and ignore the virtues and the achievements. Eliot knew all about what he called "seductive simplicity"—"the direct and persuasive appeal to intellect and emotions" that is likely to be "altogether more plausible than the truth."

And the sentence? It needs a little context. The Eliot book invoked most ritually by sniffers after anti-Semitism is the 1933 *After Strange Gods*, which the author never reprinted. It contains a definition of tradition: "all those habitual actions, habits, and customs, from the most significant religious rite to our conventional way of greeting a stranger." Such things, said Eliot, "represent the blood kinship of 'the same people living in the same place.'" And no one, notes Raine, seems ever to have noticed the quotation marks around that last phrase. Its source? The Cyclops episode of *Ulysses*. "It is Leopold Bloom's definition of a nation, offered to the bigoted Citizen whose rampant anti-Semitism wishes to expel the Semite interloper from the Irish nation." And this is—here's the phrase to put in neon—"a definition that the allegedly anti-Semitic Eliot is happy to share."

In three hundred years, a friend remarks, all this stuff will be forgotten. Eliot's poetry will abide.

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out
against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table.

The acoustic elegance will abide, though in three hundred years they'll be explaining "etherized." I crave another life in which to savor the explanation. □

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Big Country

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THIS book, if presented as a report to the Prussian General Staff, would probably have got its author cashiered. It is chatty, discursive, and it doesn't cover what its subtitle—*The Wars for North America*—says it will. The War of 1812, the Texas war of independence, and the Mexican War do not appear, and of the wars that do—the French and Indian Wars, the Revolution, the Civil War, and the last Indian wars on the Great Plains—only the Revolution is discussed comprehensively. What we really have is *Thoughts on America, and Some of Its Battles*, and many of the thoughts are indirect. To explain the culture of New France from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, the author tells us what it was like living for a summer as a teenager in rural France in the 1950s.

Fields of Battle: The Wars for North America, by John Keegan (Knopf, 348 pp., $30)

Happily, we are not the Prussian General Staff, and the author is the British military historian John Keegan. As readers of *The Face of Battle* and *The History of Warfare* know, Keegan is a rare thing: a stylist with knowledge, a historian with sparkle and flair. So even in the long stretches of memoir, or transplanted noodling from his diary, we regularly get passages like this:

> I look forward, when I deplane in Tennessee or Montana or Ohio, to something quite immaterial: a sense of timelessness, an absolute similarity of architecture and street plan, a pervading calm, a curious slowness—Europe, not America, is the continent of fast driving and pedestrian bustle—the certainty of identical food and service and accommodation and friendliness and uncuriosity. . . . America makes no demands on one, imposes no expectations, asks no questions. It accepts the foreigner as it accepts the native traveler, someone without origins or fixed abode or past or future, a being of the here-and-now, just passing through.

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR *senior editor, is the author most recently of* Founding Father: Rediscovering George Washington.

Keegan's ruminations on American travel lead to his main point, which is that the controlling factor of war in North America has been the continent's space—"space that seems to stretch forever." During the Revolutionary War, Britain was forced to campaign around an enormous strategic perimeter. From Portsmouth, the main British naval base, to Augusta, Georgia, was 3,800 miles. From Honolulu to the Solomon Islands, the U.S. Navy's maximum stretch in 1942, was only 3,500—and the U.S. Navy in the twentieth century had oil-fueled ships, and radio.

When the flow of rivers or the lay of mountains gives certain geographical junctures leverage over these vast spaces, armies return to them again and again. Hence the lakes of Upstate New York were battlefields for French, British, Iroquois, and Americans; George B. McClellan built earthworks in the Civil War on the sites of battles in the Revolution (an old slave, questioned by a Union officer during the Peninsular campaign, remembered hearing cannon fire during the siege of Yorktown eighty years earlier). The most successful generals in North America were those who grasped the importance of space, and of key fortifications. Keegan singles out four for special praise: Samuel de Champlain, George Washington, Benedict Arnold, and Ulysses Grant.

Unlike many Europeans (and Americans), Keegan has no illusions about the 'Noble Savage'

A short summary of Keegan's wars might be that Washington managed to scrape together the resources as well as the skills to defend his vast base of operations, while the French, the Confederacy, and the Plains Indians ultimately did not. The Confederates and the Indians failed, despite the weaknesses of their opponents. Keegan writes that McClellan, the Union's most promising and least successful commander, "was a splendid organizer, on the principle of doing everything himself and delegating to nobody, but his gifts were for solving problems presented to him by unsatisfactory subordinates, not by active and contentious enemies. . . . it could be said that he resembled MacArthur in his arrogance and George C. Marshall in his hauteur [without] the former's dynamism and the latter's strength of character." Keegan's opinion of U.S. Army officers a dozen years later is no higher. "The officers of the Army of the Indian Wars . . . look seedy and shady. In their ill-fitting frock coats, scraps of gold lace, Dundready whiskers, and wrinkled boots, they resemble, in their group photographs, nothing so much as a bunch of carpetbaggers or share-pushers on campaign to relieve honest farmers of their hard-earned dollars."

Unlike many Europeans (and Americans), he has no illusions about the Noble Savage. "The claim of less than a million people," he writes of the Sioux,

> to possess territories capable of supporting not only millions more directly settled, but of still more millions outside America waiting to be fed by those territories' product, is the claim not of oppressed primitives but of the selfish rich. . . . Little wonder that the European immigrants who made their way onto the Great Plains, . . . peoples whose history was suffused with memories of oppression by galloping, sword-wielding, slave-taking Hun, Magyar, Mongol, and Turkish nomads, should have felt so little pity in their hearts for those other Mongoloid nomads whose interest in life seemed to subsist in hunting, pillage, and war.

Fields of Battle ends with an eerie epilogue, a visit to the archives of the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama. Here Keegan examines *Air Operations against National Structures*, a paper written in April 1939 which laid out the plans for bombing Japan—"a sheaf of foolscap paper that spells out the future death of a society." Keegan concludes on an ambivalent note. "War is a form of work, and America makes war, however reluctantly, however unwillingly, in a particularly workmanlike way. I do not love war; but I love America." Anyone who shares his interest, and his reservations, will enjoy this book. □

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That Lovely Couple

FLORENCE KING

LOVE on the Left tends to validate the adage, "For every old sock there's an old shoe." Lillian Hellman was no oil painting, though Louis Kronenberger always said she looked like Gilbert Stuart's portrait of George Washington; another man imagined that making love to her "would be like going to bed with Justice Frankfurter." Thwarted at being desirable by a clock-stopping face, narrow hips, and no derrière to speak of, she settled for being available.

At six-foot-two and 141 pounds, the prematurely white-haired Dashiell Hammett looked like a tubercular stork, but the former Pinkerton operative had created Sam Spade, the fictional private eye who, in the every line, but it was her name, not his, that ended up in lights. The self-destructive Hammett, who never wrote another book after she entered his life, had collaborated in his own castration.

He got even by never letting her forget that she was an ugly duckling. He beat her, disappeared on benders, patronized black brothels in Harlem, caught gonorrhea, arranged for her to find him in bed with other women, forced her to have lesbian sex so he could watch, and promised to get a divorce and marry her when he made her pregnant, only to change his mind and force her to have an abortion.

Worse than his abuse were his cold moods. During one, her fear of rejection drove her to proposition novelist Nathanael West, but it couldn't have been much of an ego boost in view of what West said afterward: "I did it because she asked me and men are not taught how to turn a woman down."

Politically, she behaved like a teenage girl carefully tailoring her opinions to please a boy, making sure she liked what he liked whether she liked it or not. Her favorite comic strip was "Li'l Abner" but Hammett said it was "fascist" and ordered her to stop reading it. She stopped.

He was a committed Communist for a tangle of reasons: guilt over his strike-breaking days with Pinkerton, anger at the government for a red-tape delay in his World War I pension, a nihilistic worldview, and a monkish need for the dedication and obedience Communism demanded. "He was monogamous in politics as he could not be sexually," says Joan Mellen. She believes his aversion to introspection, which made him such a successful writer of detective stories, also explains his unquestioning acceptance of Party orders.

Hammett and Miss Hellman both joined the CP in 1938 during the period of low-profile respectability known as the Popular Front, when Stalin ordered American party members to eschew violent revolution and support the New Deal. Communism without danger or grubbiness suited the Hollywood crowd to a tee: "Amid paeans to Americanism, Lillian could display her mink coat."

In 1942 the 48-year-old Hammett joined the Army and was stationed in the Aleutians with other subversives, among them Irving Howe. On her own and rich from movie money (she could write a good screenplay), Miss Hellman went on a cultural jaunt to the Soviet Union and had a wild affair with John Melby, third secretary at the American embassy.

Flying over Siberia with a Russian pilot, her plane was forced down in a blizzard. Aroused by their brush with death, she and the pilot stumbled from the wreckage and copulated in the snow while a young boy watched them curiously. Years later she met Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who confessed that he was that young boy. It's a small world.

Communism without danger or grubbiness suited the Hollywood crowd to a tee

In 1951 Hammett was jailed for contempt of court for refusing to identify subversives. Fearing for her career, Miss Hellman abandoned him; she later claimed she pawned her jewels for his bail, but in fact she left the country. Called before HUAC in 1952, she simpered that she had joined the CP at the urging of "a misguided lady" but soon quit on realizing she was not political. She refused to name names, however, and gained an undeserved reputation for courage with one catchy metaphor: "I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions."

She weathered the McCarthy years, but Hammett, impoverished by IRS liens and drinking a quart of Scotch a day, was finished. She didn't want him now, but she needed him on tap to maintain the legend she was constructing, of Hellman and Hammett, the Brownings of America's literary Left.

She kept him around as her trophy deadbeat, more or less supporting him until his death in 1961 freed her to burnish their tawdry romance to a still higher gloss. She got it up to Tristan-and-Isolde speed in two volumes of

Hellman and Hammett, by Joan Mellen (HarperCollins, 572 pp., $32)

words of Dorothy Parker, was "so hard-boiled you could roll him on the White House lawn." Hammett and Miss Hellman met in a Hollywood nightclub in 1930. On their second date he punched her in the jaw and knocked her down. She arose sweetly, with the soft coquettish laugh of the Southern belles she had envied back home in New Orleans, and moved in with him.

A fledgling writer, she began at once to suck forth his soul. He wanted to do a play based on a Scottish slander case about two headmistresses accused of lesbianism by their pupils, but instead gave the plot to Miss Hellman and guided her through the writing of *The Children's Hour*, her first Broadway hit.

Biographer Joan Mellen's thoroughgoing literary detective work leaves little doubt that Hammett, not Miss Hellman, wrote this play, and *The Little Foxes* as well. With so many drafts, each heavily edited and revised by him, the final draft had to be all his work. In an attempt to sound feminine, Miss Hellman boasted that he steered her through

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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memoirs, threatening Hammett's biographers with lawsuits if they departed from her lies.

Her dotage was a saga of geriatric lubricity that reads like Suetonius's account of Tiberius at Capri. Looking ninety-some instead of seventy-some, smoking four packs a day, she propositioned men in a Baby Snooks voice, showed herself in the nude to a deckhand on a cruise, asked a screenwriter to hold a mirror while she inspected her genitals, undressed under a towel on the beach, coyly warning her guests not to peek ("Who wants to peek?" groaned Leonard Bernstein), and accused Norman Mailer of trying to rape her. William Styron, a target of her advances, confessed that he "wound up hating her."

Everyone was afraid of her unparalleled viciousness, never more in evidence than when she sued Mary McCarthy for libel, vowing, "I'll bleed and impoverish her." The suit died with Miss Hellman, who died of natural causes, but one finishes this book wishing that she, like Tiberius, had been smothered. □

To Cure or Not to Cure

E. L. PATTULLO

THIS book is must reading for the millions who, thinking themselves compassionate, have recently come to endorse homosexuality as a legitimate alternative expression of man's sexual nature. Dr. Satinover's approach to the question is intriguing because he is, at once, a psychiatrist, a man with an unusual interest in the science that underlies his practice, and intensely religious. This is a clinician who speaks like a highly sophisticated Old Testament prophet and rejects morality based on Freud as fraudulent. He uses "the politics of truth" to refer both to honest science and to God's word.

The book is divided into two parts, the first being a lengthy scientific inquiry into what we mean when asserting that a behavior is genetic, innate, or biologically determined. Granting that all behavior is biologically based in the sense that without our biological selves there would be no behavior, Satinover intends to educate us as to the difficulty of determining the cause of any particular behavior. He argues convincingly that the more complex behaviors, including sexual orientation, must be the result of a network of interactions involving several biological factors and those of the social environment, beginning with the family. Consider the case of your favorite basketball player: Only the right genes make possible the requisite height and agility, but lacking a society to nurture the child, invent the game, and prompt the desire to play, there will be no basketball player.

Homosexuality and the Politics of Truth, by Jeffrey Satinover, MD (Baker Books, 266 pp., $17.99)

Satinover summarizes:

> My primary aim in part one has been to demonstrate that hard science is far from providing an explanation of homosexuality, let alone one that reduces it to genetic determinism. My purpose so far, thus, will have been well served if the discussion helps to guard against the grossly overblown claims of interest groups who misuse science for political ends. As we have seen in the case of homosexuality, for all the public fanfare, science has accomplished nothing we did not know from common sense: One's character traits are in part innate but are subject to modification by experience and choice.

In part two, Satinover insists—curiously, to my agnostic mind—that "once we begin to consider how things should be, we find ourselves in the domain of religion." And, again, "religion is the originator of all morality." Fine, if he does not mean that "should be" is the *exclusive* domain of religion and that morality can be derived *only* from religion. One may be willing to grant the historical role of religion in creating our moral universe, while also imagining that much that is good in that heritage can be derived otherwise—that is, from philosophical principles that do not posit the existence of God. Granted, those principles do not possess the same argumentative *oomph* as does the invocation of a final and absolute authority, but those who doubt are accustomed to living with the uneasiness that accompanies agnosticism.

It is in this section of the book that Satinover takes issue with the argument that anything that is natural must be morally neutral. Gay-sympathizers struggle frantically to find evidence that homosexuality is "genetic" because so many of us thoughtlessly accept the idea that there can be no condemnation of any behavior that is natural. If gays "were born that way" their exercise of their sexual inclinations cannot be condemned.

Nonsense, says Satinover: man is sinful by nature—that is what the Fall is about. It is in our nature to be attracted to behavior we know to be wrong, be it greed, gluttony, lust, or any of the others. The meaning of the moral life lies in the struggle to resist temptations that are entirely natural. It is a struggle that can be won—so far as it can be—only with God's help. Homosexuality (of which there are so many variations it is better to speak of "the homosexualities") differs from the many other temptations only in affecting so central a part of the self. The ability to find sexual satisfaction only with one of the same sex becomes characteristic in some people by the same process as do other traits that define an individual. It is a process in which we follow our inclinations until they become habitual, possibly even producing actual physical changes in the brain. It does not involve choice in the easy sense of choosing between chocolate and vanilla, but because God has given us free will we can determine what we will become and are responsible for it. We can shape ourselves more or less in His image, imperfect though we will always remain. I believe one can take God out of that argument and still end up at the same place.

Homosexuality differs from the many other temptations only in affecting so central a part of the self

Mr. Pattullo is retired from Harvard University, where he served as director of the Center for the Behavioral Sciences and senior lecturer on psychology.

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All this is strange stuff from a contemporary psychiatrist, a member of a profession that has extended its official blessing to the notion that homosexuality is not a disorder, and almost extended it to the point of ruling that a doctor who helps homosexuals wishing to overcome their yearnings is engaged in malpractice. Gay activists within the American Psychiatric Association continue to push hard for that proposition and may yet succeed.

If organized gays are intent on persuading the nation that homosexuality is innate and therefore that homosexuals are blameless, they are equally firm in insisting on the corollary—that sexual orientation cannot be changed. Again, Dr. Satinover takes issue, insisting that the case is quite otherwise, and devotes considerable space to canvassing various therapies that claim a measure of success. There already exists a counterpart to Alcoholics Anonymous, and he stresses that something beyond ordinary psychotherapy appears to be most effective, including several programs sponsored by religious institutions. Unfortunately, there appear to be no more hard data on the possibility of changing sexual orientation than there are on its genesis. The dearth of reliable evidence bothers Satinover more than it bothers the gays who disagree with him; though without hard facts, they have had surprising success in persuading the public that homosexuality is all but immutable. In truth, both sides are in the position of simply asserting their beliefs and offering appealing individual case studies in an attempt to sway opinion. Part of the reason for the paucity of real evidence is that longitudinal studies are wildly expensive, and, as so often happens in studies of human behavior, there are so many factors that cannot be controlled as to make any result suspect. In addition, the subject is so controversial that many potential investigators prefer to focus their attention elsewhere.

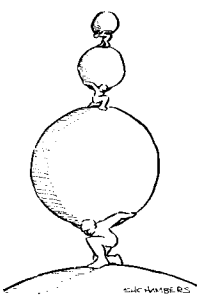
Insofar as he hopes to influence public opinion, Satinover might have been wise to publish two short books rather than one of ordinary length. Many who could learn much from his survey of the science fundamental to knowing the cause of homosexuality are people who will discount any book that invokes God's truth. This includes most of the health professionals, social workers, school authorities, and newspaper columnists who dispense advice about sexual orientation. A large majority of these folk are fully enlisted in the crusade to persuade society that living gay is a wholly acceptable alternative to living straight; that, in any case, gays have no choice; and that compassion, therefore, requires full approval of the gay life. It will be a pity, but predictable, if they dismiss *Homosexuality and the Politics of Truth* without a reading. □

ARTS

A Little Lower than Festive

JOHN SIMON

FOR the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy, 1996 was not a good year. Gian Carlo Menotti relinquished the leadership (though not necessarily the reins) to his adoptive son, Francis, an uncharismatic figure. The mayor wishes to gain control, subsidies are imperiled, the natives are restless. Menotti and the sister festival in Charleston parted company several years ago, though there are rumors of reconciliation. I myself caught only the last nine days of the festival, thereby perhaps missing some good things. Or perhaps not.



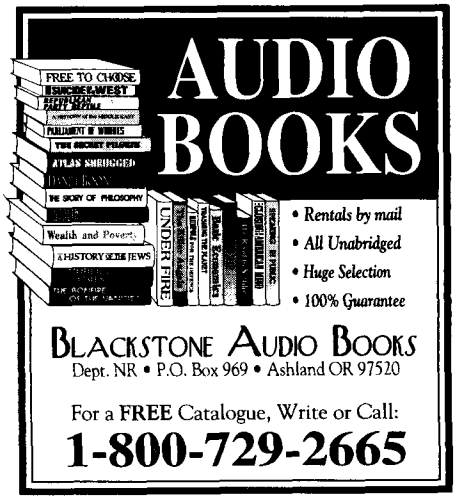
Now in its 39th year, this festival of classical music also includes light music, ballet, theater, art exhibitions, and even some film. Of the musical offerings, by far the most satisfying are the midday concerts, 75 minutes on average, in the charming little Teatro Caio Melisso on the Piazza del Duomo. These are chosen partly by the violist Scott Nickrenz and his flautist wife, Paula Robison, and partly by Menotti and his protégé, the forty-year-old conductor Steven Mercurio.

My first event was the *concerto di mezzogiorno* for July 7, a special one celebrating Menotti's 85th birthday, with a huge bouquet of flowers floating in from the wings and the maestro in attendance. The program included the two thus far finished movements of a delightful chamber trio by Menotti, and, as a surprise highlight, the Grieg Violin Sonata magisterially performed by Joshua Bell and Jean-Yves Thibaudet.

The noontime concerts—mostly chamber and instrumental, with a sprinkling of orchestral music—concentrate on baroque and classical, more rarely romantic or modern. Most memorable for me was a Villa-Lobos *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*, idiomatically sung by Iride Martinez, and the César Franck Piano Quintet with Thibaudet at the keyboard. Unfortunately, Miss Robison is the *commère* at these events, and her cutesy jocularity in bad Italian and precious English, her mincing and flirting with the audience, are like some travesty out of a misogynistic Bertolucci movie.

Unlike last year, which featured (I am told) a terrific production of Shostakovich's Gogol-based *The Nose*, opera this year was undistinguished. Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* is doubly handicapped by having been written for children and for TV. An uninspired work, it further suffered from Menotti's awkward stage direction on Christine Edzard's ill-conceived and cramped set. Yves Abel conducted valiantly; Benjamin Hall as the lame boy and Joanna Campion as his anxious mother were good enough: not so the Magi and Pierre Lacotte's vestigial choreography.

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*



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Tchaikovsky's masterpiece, *Eugene Onegin*, fared scarcely better. Alberto Maria Giuri, who won the Festival's annual artistic award, conducted in slow, unravishing fashion; Menotti's stage direction was often bizarre (Onegin arriving for the duel Volga-boatman-like by water; charming old M. Triquet sung by a youngish oaf; elderly Prince Gremin portrayed as no older than Onegin; etc.); and the scenery, by the noted interior decorator Renzo Mongiardino, fell short, especially in the Gremin ball, where the central part of the ballroom was annoyingly hidden by a wall—perhaps for reasons of economy.

Tatyana Odinikova was a handsome and strong-voiced Tatyana without any Russian-soprano squeakiness, but her robust, aggressively frontal delivery (misdirection?) grew wearying. Svetlana Furdui's nurse was well sung, but the others, particularly the three Scandinavians in the principal male roles, were disgraceful.

I found Handel's *Semele* better performed, although baroque opera is one of my *bêtes noires*. There was noteworthy work from the Jupiter of Tracey Welborn, the Somnus of Denis Sedov, and the stunning Juno of Kristina Hammarstrom, a stylish singer with compelling stage presence, and the possessor of superb English diction.

The one dance event I could catch was the harmlessly silly *Forever Tango*, an Argentine spectacle by Luis Bravo, wherein imposing tango couples burst on us in increasingly suggestive pairings that nevertheless couldn't quite overcome the limitations of that dance. The musicians, however, and especially the bandoneon players, were sensual and stirring. The sell-out crowds at the well-preserved Roman amphitheater (picturesque but, even with cushions, hard on the *culus*) lapped it all up indiscriminately.

The main dramatic event was *Griffin and Sabine*, a stage version of three popular picture books by the British writer–illustrator Nick Bantock. The adapter was Edoardo Ponti, the 23-year-old son of Carlo Ponti and Sophia Loren, who simply transcribed these short but fantastical and lushly illustrated books. He also directed on a bare stage, except for a banquette at the center and a screen in back, behind which, quite arbitrarily, one scene was done in shadow play. The two actors were seen singly or together, or just piped in over the PA system. Griffin was an able young black actor from New York, Peter Francis James, who, however, had trouble with his British accent. Sabine—the mysterious, telepathically endowed beloved from the South Seas—was Elizabeth Guber, a close friend of Edoardo's from his California film school. Though extremely pretty, she cannot, as of now, either act or properly speak (her Valley-girl accent is a joke), or even be heard as far as the fourth row, where my seat was.

The presence of Miss Loren was the sensation of the festival, much to the disgust of the festival regulars

The event was rousingly greeted by the front rows, where sat Signor and Signora Ponti and their friends (the arts being represented by Giorgio Armani and Carla Fendi); it was scoffingly chattered through by the men from the media in the middle rows (though the reviews on the morrow were polite); and it was met with indignation from hoi polloi in the back rows, who could hear little and cared less. The presence of Miss Loren was the sensation of the festival, the media phalanx and the gawkers' multitude joining in ignoring everything else, much to the disgust of the festival regulars.

There was other theater I had to miss, but I caught a production of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's wonderful *Romulus the Great*, performed in the austerely inapposite Church of San Nicolò. Giovanni Pampiglioni's casting and staging were equally misjudged, with Mario Scaccia, a grand old stage actor (so they tell me), proving grandly predictable. A deeply ironic play, *Romulus* elicited only sporadic, isolated chuckles from a baffled audience, and had me fleeing at the interval.

The life-sized Colla Marionettes from Milan presented as their second program *La leggenda di Pocahontas*, a more dignified evocation of the recently Disneyfied Indian princess. The marionettes performed nobly and nimbly, with a dozen invisible puppeteers and actors harmoniously animating, speaking, and singing the story, accompanied by a notable, specially composed score. Sets and costumes were pleasingly atmospheric, and I particularly cherish a veristic buffalo stampede and the feast of a flock of vultures on dead British soldiers we previously saw being pierced by arrows in most lifelike, I mean deathlike, fashion.

Not fancying old church music, I skipped the *Ora mistica* midnight concerts, much praised by those in attendance. I did, however, enjoy the closing orchestral concert, Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony, appropriately performed in front of the Duomo, with some five thousand chairs stretching from the square up into the street of stairs leading from it. Steven Mercurio conducted commandingly; the orchestra, barring minor glitches, played appealingly. The young string players even coped with the changes of temperature as day turned into night, as it often does during a Mahler symphony. The soloists sang poorly, but the Festival Choir, augmented by that of the Slovak Philharmonic, proved outstanding. Against the conductor's wishes, the concert began at 8:30 rather than 9, which is bedtime for the countless swallows that crisscross the piazza's air space; they made uncopacetic music that turned Mahler into Stockhausen. By the second movement, though, this nuisance subsided.

It grieves me to say, however, that little of the Festival registered as strongly as the Quintana in the neighboring city of Foligno. For this event, much of the citizenry dons Renaissance costume and marches in procession into the fine new arena where the nocturnal games take place. Foligno's ten districts choose one cavalier each, and these remarkable, costumed horsemen must, in full gallop (they are judged on speed as well as skill), make three charges in each of three rounds to thread a set of rings with their lances. The rings decrease in diameter from ten to eight to six centimeters, and the skill of the contestants is matched by the nobility of their specially trained thoroughbreds. The Palio in Siena may be grander, but the Quintana, with its enthusiastically cheering, often likewise costumed spectators, is scarcely less rousing.

Even in a nonvintage year, there was

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something matchless about Spoleto, perched on an Umbrian hilltop. The artistic and architectural wonders—Roman, medieval, Renaissance—are uplifting enough, but nature will not be outdone, from the muted green of the olive trees to the distant mountains in royal purple. The evening sunlight playing on the arches over the steep, cobblestoned streets is as beautiful as any work of man, and is performed at every sunset, punctually and to perfection. □

MANNERS

Turn Out the Lite

DIGBY ANDERSON

THE other day I saw something in a shop. It was about four inches long and pink. It called itself a sausage without fat. Despite its size and shape, this is rather like calling something with no gin in it a gin-and-tonic or selling a vinaigrette without vinegar. A basic sausage has only two main ingredients: lean pork and fat pork in proportions around two-thirds, one-third. And the fat is essential: it partially melts under heat, cooking and moisturizing the lean in a special way that makes the sausage taste like a sausage.

The mildest thing one would want to say about this horrid dry pink innovation, which sweated under the grill and fell to bits under the knife, was that it was less than a sausage. Which is precisely what has been happening to food and much else on a grand or rather a pathetic scale. Cigarettes with filter tips are less than cigarettes, and non-alcoholic beer is less than beer. Low-fat milk is less than milk.

There is a word that usefully captures this trend to the insipid and denatured, and it is "Lite." There is now lite wine, lite colas, light olive oil, light bread, light coffee, and light frozen dinners. Go to a restaurant with a modern person and the greatest compliment she will be able to pay as she leaves will be, "That was a wonderful lunch, just what I like, light."

The "Lite" trend has at least one redeeming feature. Over the years I have struggled to find the right word to describe the food I cook and write about. Well, now we know. It is whatever is the opposite of Lite. A pheasant shot and hung for two weeks till ripe, a leg of beef stewed in a heavy Rhone with the wine reduced to a few tablespoons of powerful sauce, the dark meat from crabs pureed down with hot mustard, a bass with its body slit and stuffed with sliced lemon and garlic and half-grilled, half-stewed in pungent Greek olive oil, kidneys in Fino Sherry, a well-cured manchego cheese, old goat crottin, a thimbleful of espresso—these are the opposite of Lite.

But it is not just a matter of heaviness or strength. The aroma of a saffrony fish soup, the complex tastes of mesclun with a home-made wine vinegar and olive oil, a bone-dry Champagne, brains in the lightest of batters—none of these are strong. But they have their proper character. That does not mean they are simple. The mesclun is obviously complex, the others less obviously but still so. Good wines are complex. Indeed one characteristic of whatever-is-the-opposite-of-Lite is that it has not been made easy. There are no concessions in a cassoulet.

Good dishes are what they are. If a novice approaches them, it is he who has to submit and learn to appreciate them. They are not altered for him. And whatever-is-the-opposite-of-Lite also has texture. Good eating is about physical sensations: of crunching the tiny bones of pigs' feet, sucking away at the crab claw, pulling that greeny purple asparagus spear through your teeth, punching the claret round the gums, chewing at that older and better piece of beef, sniffing the sinus-clearing horseradish, the sharp intake of breath as the marc hits the back of the throat, the drying of the mouth as a sour Asian fish sauce touches the gums, and the sheer delight of using a Spanish wooden toothpick to excavate the gaps in the teeth and enjoy the flecks of almonds or filaments of stewed wild duck a second time around.

If the opposite of Lite is all these things—pungent, complex, characterful, without concession, food for men—then this reflects back and throws more light on what Lite is. Lite is insipid, weak, denatured, flat, diluted, and easy: food for cowards and children. Now this is no reproach to those who make Lite products. The food market is demand-led. The industry supplies what people want and does so very efficiently. So booming Lite business gives us a picture of the American and British consumer of food. He is ignorant, timid, squeamish, and childish.

Lite food is insipid, weak, denatured, flat, diluted, and easy: food for cowards and children

Come to think of it, Lite is quite a good description of the rest of our culture. Our morality is Lite, childish, and diluted. Our religion is insipid and undemanding. The schools make things easy for their pupils. The entertainment industry is fluffy and flimsy. Is a foreigner allowed to suggest that the obvious description of the Republican candidate for the Presidency is not "wrong" but "Lite"? □

Mr. Anderson's most recent book is Gentility Recalled, *released by the Acton Institute.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Granta 54, Summer 1996: The Best of Young American Novelists, edited by Ian Jack (Penguin, 320 pp., $11.95)

TAKEN together, these stories represent the worst news for American fiction since William Faulkner won the Nobel Prize and inspired a generation of dreadful imitators. But, like most of the bad news from the front of the culture wars, this must be taken with a grain of salt. Look, for example, at the introduction, which he calls an "Editorial," by Ian

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Jack, in which he explains both the techniques of the judging and the outcomes.

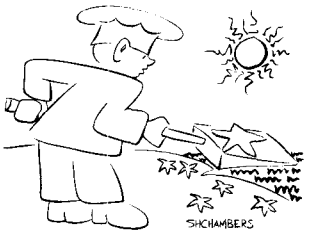
> In case anybody is counting by race or gender, the 52 shortlisted writers included one Native American, six African-Americans, two Chinese-Americans, one Haitian-American, one Cuban-American, one Jamaican-American, one Korean-American, and one Indian-American. There were 25 women and 27 men. The final 20 include one Native American, one African-American, one Chinese-American, one Haitian-American. There are 7 women to 13 men. The national judges were three white men and one white woman, unless, of course, you bring into that sum a fifth appointed judge, Henry Louis ("Skip") Gates Jr., the professor of African-American studies at the University of Harvard [*sic*]. Professor Gates, unfortunately, could not be traced by phone or fax during the judging, and has spoken to no judge since.

I just love that "In case anybody is counting . . ." That's as good a joke as "Skip" Gates simply disappearing from among the ranks of the judges. I don't doubt that Gates knew that his chief value to *Granta* was in terms of racial proportions and that there was no reason why he should have to do any actual judging, but there is just the beginning of a delightful doubt that *Granta* knew it. The point is that, mediocre as most of these stories or excerpts from novels are, it quickly becomes apparent that the principle of their selection had little to do with literary merit. Not only were the inevitable racial and sexual standards applied, but also the material has a curious sort of sameness to it. This may be because the judges were prepossessed in favor of certain subjects, or it may be that certain subjects are thought to be more appropriate than others in the university "writing" programs out of which most of these authors spring. These include authentic-sounding or quasi-autobiographical accounts of ethnic experience; sexual dysfunction, confusion, or fantasy; abused or neglected children; and life among a demimonde of criminals, drug addicts, and convicts. Of the 20 stories or excerpts from novels in this volume, 13 are of one of these four types. Some of the categories overlap. So an account of an elaborately unclassifiable transsexual also provides the occasion for quite a lot of authentic-sounding Greek-American experience in a story by Jeffrey Eugenides. It is satisfying to one's social conscience to reflect that such subjects are being tackled by the young and morally earnest wordsmiths being trained up by our great universities. But one cannot help noticing that the approved fictional subjects here are rather remote from the experience of the vast majority of the fiction-reading public. The bourgeois novel of middle-class life, which has accounted for most of the great fiction written in the last two or three centuries, seems to have all but dropped from the radar screens of our novelists and would-be novelists. Could this have something to do with their generally inferior product?

—James Bowman

Fools' Names, Fools' Faces, by Andrew Ferguson (Atlantic Monthly Press, 213 pp., $22)

PRISSY liberals habitually refer to candid conservatives as "mean-spirited." Wait till they get a load of this book. Andrew Ferguson is the only political journalist of his generation who has the true Mencken touch—a gift that leaves more than a few of his contemporaries, myself included, distinctly jealous—and his first collection of essays, 11 of which originally appeared in *NR*, is a veritable minefield of mean-spiritedness: every time you turn around, another bonehead gets blown to bits. Ferguson's targets include Bill Moyers, Barbra Streisand, David Souter, Donald Trump, Bill and Hillary Clinton, and numerous other deserving souls; his insults are face-slappingly funny, his reporting indelibly precise. (Here is Louis Farrakhan, seen from a front-row seat: "As he prowls the stage he is silken. When he speaks of Allah, his body curves back taut like a bow; when he speaks of the white man it descends to a feral crouch and the head shakes and the arms flail the air.") The only thing *Fools' Names, Fools' Faces* lacks is an index, so if Harry Blackmun is reading this review, I urge him to turn directly to page 117.



—Terry Teachout

The Idea of a University, by John Henry Newman (Yale, 400 pp., $35)

THIS handsome reprinting of Newman's classic work on the nature of higher education marks the second in Yale's "Rethinking the Western Tradition" series, and stands as perhaps the best possible reminder that that tradition needs not so much rethinking as restating. When we talk today about the precipitous decline in education, we often forget the standard against which the ideal is judged. Here it is. Published in final form in 1873, this book began as a series of lectures delivered in 1852 at the founding of a Catholic university in Dublin, to which was added another series a few years later to make the book we now have. Here we find Newman's justly famous discourses such as "Knowledge Its Own End" and "Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Professional Skill." Here Newman tackles issues that modern academics still haven't brought to the mat: the tension between education and training, the place of religion in learning, the struggle between religion and science, the ultimate mission of the university, and the cultural place of literature. The advantage of this edition is that it's well annotated, with an informative introduction and a useful glossary of period names and issues to smooth out the reading—itself an index of what we've forgotten. The disadvantage is that it's an abridgement. Instead of the full work, we're provided with interpretive essays of varying purposes and quality. It's depressing, for example, to turn from the fresh breeze of Newman's prose to an academic disquisition by Sara Castro-Klarén on the "Paradox of Self," the very idea of which would spin Newman right out of his grave. Silliest of all is one called "Newman and the Idea of an Electronic University" by Brown University's George P. Landow, with sentences like one that characterizes educational institutions as "places defined by the nature of contemporary information technologies," making his essay a spirited exercise in missing the point. With considerable relief we thumb back to Newman himself to learn that true liberal learning forms within us "a habit of mind" which "lasts through life, of which the attributes are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom." Frank M. Turner, the book's editor, is right in saying that, to our ear, Newman's voice seems one "from an academic time warp." Reading him reminds us that we in the modern world may be neither the arrived nor the arriving in intellectual and cultural attainment, but the departed.

—Tracy Lee Simmons

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Literary

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GARBER
(Continued from page 58)

driven by profits will move in slowly, looking for market niches by identifying areas that are underserved. Currently, education companies are nibbling around the edges, taking on aspects of school operations that are grossly underperforming, or areas that the traditional system would just as soon cast off: reading remediation; alternative schools for troublemakers; testing; *maybe* busing and food service. As businesses prove themselves and the public becomes more comfortable with the intermingling of public and private goods, policymakers will be forced to allow more opportunities.

More and more progressive educators and administrators are embracing the idea of "contracting out" for various school services as a way to allow them to focus better on their core mission. Others see "privatization" as a means of trimming overhead or controlling costs. Both of these are desirable outcomes, but fail to grasp the far greater potential of the private marketplace to transform public education.

As new products and services are developed with new "value added," consumers—through their rational spending decisions—expand the industry. Call it "the Starbucks factor." Because of increases in quality, variety, convenience, and atmosphere, people have been willing to shell out $3.50 for a caffe latte instead of the usual buck and a quarter for a cup of Maxwell House.

The potential for new educational services and products is as limitless as the creativity of the human mind and the dynamism of a competitive marketplace. Michael Heise, law professor and director of Indiana University's Center of Education Law and Policy, puts it this way: "Investors are chiseling away at the dam of the last remaining government monopoly in the world. Were the dam to break, I expect there would be a flood of investment in educational research and development."

As education shifts from a political to an economic model, overall education spending is likely to *rise*, not fall, contrary to conventional prophecy. There is every reason to expect that consumers will expand the market for education—once they are assured they are getting what they pay for. Such a shift will create increasing opportunity for investors—and for students. □

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95 D		96 T	97 M	98 B		99 R	100 Q	101 K	102 W	103 D		104 O	105 F	106 S	107 D	108 A	109 L	110 J		111 O	112 A		113 J	114 Q	115 U	
116 G	117 C	118 O	119 R		120 U	121 K	122 E	123 Q	124 H	125 I	126 M	127 N		128 B	129 S		130 K	131 D	132 V		133 B	134 H	135 G	136 P		137 Q
138 K	139 C	140 M	141 B	142 N		143 O	144 E		145 G	146 N	147 C	148 R		149 I	150 L		151 A	152 F	153 U		154 M	155 K	156 O	157 D	158 U	159 N
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206 C	207 T	208 S	209 K		210 J	211 U	212 S	213 B	214 V	215 A	216W	217 C		218 F	219 I	220 M	221 N	222 A		223 I	224 K		225 O	226W	227 K		
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DEFINITIONS

A. One who holds dogmatically to first principles
52 62 26 222 199 247 12 112 108 77 76
215 190 151

B. America's grain fields, to Katharine Lee Bates (2 words)
213 47 133 141 177 128 50 5 70 98

C. Accord
206 117 139 147 9 174 217

D. Temporal misfit
157 78 131 86 172 103 237 236 54 107 95

E. PLO chieftain (2 words)
144 53 183 245 34 169 11 87 238 181 122

F. What a football coach does at half-time (3 words)
27 105 152 38 8 182 65 165 160 32 201
187 218

G. Sir David Brewster's illustration of symmetry
175 31 198 135 167 79 61 145 241 235 116
17

H. Flaxen-haired youngster
161 124 204 3 134 243 93

I. Milton Friedman's roost at Stanford (2 words)
180 149 73 16 205 90 223 41 178 63 85
166 125 59 66 219 23

J. Proofs
2 110 83 113 210

K. Land Rover, Jeep, etc. (2 words)
55 209 185 155 91 138 233 15 240 224 194
164 101 227 130 173 67 121 6

L. Murdered casually (slang)
163 33 150 109 28

M. Messenger of retribution (2 words)
20 220 193 74 10 58 140 126 97 45 154
231 170

N. Oedipus, Socrates sought his counsel (2 words)
142 221 244 80 127 189 232 146 71 22 43
18 159

O. Forerunner to KJV (2 words)
225 19 195 228 4 188 156 118 143 111 21
88 104

P. Right of possession
81 57 136 92 230 13 30 48 162

Q. Led from out front (3 words)
14 123 44 137 35 24 171 114 100 1 75
203

R. Electoral support of many big-city pols (2 words)
36 179 68 99 186 49 200 25 119 148

S. How Michael Medved earns his living (2 words)
202 212 208 106 129 64 72 51 40 82 192
246

T. Vanquisher of doubt
89 207 242 84 96

U. What marriage does to men
37 46 191 153 239 158 234 168 120 211 115

V. Weighted chances
184 132 214 56

W. Dr. Faustus's nemesis
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Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. GARY ALDRICH: *Unlimited Access*: "At the end of my assignment at the White House, I concluded that the Clintons might as well hitch a trailer to the White House and tow it to Little Rock; they had soiled the place. The . . . hedge clipper in the Rose Garden had a finer character than the President of the United States. The sad thing was, the clipper knew it."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Perspective On Dick Morris

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30

One view of the Dick Morris business is that he was, pure and simple, a technician. No different (to stretch the metaphor to the breaking point) from a computer. So the computer develops a virus? So—since you can't eliminate this particular virus: only divine agents can accomplish that, and there is a long waiting list for their services—you throw away the computer, and get another one. It's just that easy, that comprehensive. Next question?

The other view of it is that the computer in question had a very special hold over the President of the United States. Absolutely no one is denying that Morris was the architect of the post-Gingrich Clinton, the President who suddenly agreed that we had to balance the budget, who signed a welfare bill that surrendered final federal authority over welfare dispensations, who went so far as to recommend school uniforms to revitalize the sense of order and discipline in the chaotic little cloisters where the next generation is being taught how to behave.

And then this second Morris was more intimately involved with the President than even the most advanced and malleable computer could be. When the news first reached Mr. Clinton, he said that Dick Morris was his friend, to whom he owed a great deal. He didn't quite say that he thought Morris not guilty of the charges leveled against him, but he did document his personal regard for him. And while Clinton was talking about Morris, Morris was writing about Clinton, in a statement that accompanied his resignation. What he said, in almost exactly as many words, was that he had picked Clinton up from the floor and propped him up to be, once again, a viable presidential figure. And then he went on to say that he had a very high opinion of the honor and character of Bill Clinton.

But then of course the situation becomes complicated, because the two positions—Morris as a mere computer, Morris as Rasputin—crawl toward each other. So highly did Mr. Morris esteem the honor and character of Bill Clinton that he let his prostitute listen in on conversations over the telephone between the two men. Put it this way: There is no question that the man supremely responsible for Mr. Clinton's current focus on family values was himself scoffing at them. Morris (of course) says he was guilty of nothing (while writing out his resignation). From Clinton's end (through the chief strategist of the 1992 campaign, Paul Begala) we got the quiet dismay of a man temporarily on the rocks. "I've been dealing with the press for 13 years, and I've always wanted to say this and I never was able to until this moment: No comment."

It's hardly the end of the world for Bill Clinton. Lyndon Johnson had Walter Jenkins, his live-in amanuensis, who got caught seeking homosexual distraction in a YMCA a few weeks before the 1964 election. Nothing happened, unless one wants to attribute to that episode the loss of the five states won by Goldwater. The difference, however, is that Walter Jenkins's employer hadn't been repeatedly put down for licentious conduct, didn't have another confidant who committed suicide, didn't etc. etc. etc., all of which Mr. Clinton was engaged in trying to chase away into the shadows, using words in a speech substantially composed by—Dick Morris.

There has been much discussion lately of the question of presidential character. The subject came up when Senator Gary Hart was caught up in episodes of physical and moral relaxation, and of course it was what did Richard Nixon in. But Nixon's smoking gun wasn't merely an article in the *Star* documenting abandoned sexual conduct. "Does it matter" what a public figure does away from home? former mayor Ed Koch recently asked. After all (he continued) half of American marriages end in divorce and at least one half end, or don't end, with adultery in the picture.

Surely one answer to that question is: What is the solemnity of the vow to fidelity taken by parties who contract marriage? Because the public is likely to reason (even if not justifiably) that to disdain an obligation under the one vow is to invite suspicion that the person in question would deal lightly with others. The incumbent President of the United States has taken two vows relevant here, the one to be faithful to the woman he married, the second to defend, so help him God, the Constitution of the United States.

That's what the fuss is all about. □

"The bad guys are winning—it must be a documentary."

For Dole: The Educational Challenge

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20

You pick up the paper and learn that the Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie Foundations have given over a cool one and one-half million dollars to oppose the initiative in California that would outlaw discrimination, and you wonder: Why? When Hubert Humphrey was accosted on the floor of the Senate in the debate over the Civil Rights bill, Barry Goldwater dared to say it might be abused. This preposterous objection generated the famous statement by Senator Humphrey that he would eat every page of the bill if ever it were used to justify discrimination against anybody on account of race or sex. The California Civil Rights Initiative does literally nothing more than affirm the meaning of civil rights as understood by Senator Humphrey when he championed his great bill.

So why do grown-up foundations get in the way? Why is Ward Connerly, the head of the CCRI drive, so terribly abused? Mr. Connerly is black. The *Oakland Tribune* recently published an editorial cartoon featuring a dry-cleaning shop with Klan capes hanging on the racks. It was labeled, "Connerly & Co.—Ethnic Cleansers."

A California court helps throw a little light on the subject. CCRI would outlaw "preferential treatment" based on color, sex, etc. The judge wanted that language changed. He wanted "affirmative action" in its place. Why? The reason is both obvious and alarming.

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Affirmative action has been redefined by its advocates into something on the order of being good-natured and hospitable toward people who aren't white males. It is such a use of the term that gives it its political leverage. It is awesomely easy to fall into the syllogistic trap, if you allow the meaning of words to curl up in the lap of redistributionists, which is actually what the affirmative-action hardliners become. Politically the reading is: Affirmative action is action designed to help the bereft. Good people wish to help the bereft. Ergo, opponents of affirmative action are not good people.

The encroachment of moralism on language is a quite general threat. An editor of the *New York Times* recently referred quite matter-of-factly (in the *New York Times Book Review*) to the "racist" work of Charles Murray, whose book *The Bell Curve* set out to document differentials in natural intelligence. No social policies were advocated by Mr. Murray (and his co-author, the late Richard Herrnstein), but the mere finding of differentials is made to appear a celebration of them. The intellectual presumption here is that inquiry into the possibility that the world is round, not flat, is tendentious. One sees the problem actively at work in many discussions involving homosexuality. To oppose "marriage" between same-sex couples becomes discrimination, as if a preference for blue is to discriminate against red.

Senator Dole has endorsed the California movement. He has a heavy responsibility to expose and unambiguously reject any suggestion that the CCRI is inconsistent with democratic ideals. If Mr. Clinton and his followers are willing to say in as many words that being white and male is to invite a civil disability in American life, let them say so in as many words.

The effort will of course be made to highlight other aspects of affirmative action, and it is for that reason that the term should be rescued from sectarian opportunism. Mr. Dole favors efforts to help those who need help, and it is probably statistically accurate to say there are more blacks than whites, per capita, who need such help. But it breaks the rules of philanthropy to take from one in order to give to another. To deny a well-qualified applicant for admission to medical school or to law school because there are other applicants of different ethnic background is to tamper with the natural distribution of talent. The most that a generous nation can do is to encourage upward mobility. Ten generations of affirmative action would not begin to help inner-city blacks as much as self-imposed exercises in continence, and a reduction in the rate of illegitimate births.

Senator Dole faces, in California, political contention; and, nationally, the challenge to educate. □

Dole on Drugs

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6

My last exposure to the American presidential contest, on the eve of my isolation for two trans-Siberian weeks, focused on Senator Dole and the drug question. President Clinton, by his standards, has been deafeningly mute on the question because, indeed, he did reduce the anti-drug staff from 146 to 25, and he has not devoted much time to hectoring the country on the dangers of drug use.

Even so, one sighs with despondency at the analytical futility of Senator Dole's call to mobilize to fight drugs. Not because drugs are less than what they are—agents of the destruction of many of their users and all of their abusers, and catalysts of family breakdowns and, of course, crime. But because attempted correlations between money spent enforcing the drug laws and the diminution in the use of drugs is a profitless enterprise.

But any attempt at precision in talking of the drug war really should begin by distinguishing between marijuana and the hard stuff, notably cocaine and heroin. I have previously noted that when in 1965 then–Congressman Edward Koch introduced a bill to set up a congressional commission to study marijuana use and federal penalties, he found only a handful of fellow legislators who would agree to co-sponsor the measure. Four or five years later, everyone was willing to co-sponsor. "They found out," he told me, "that their own children had tried pot."

That was 25 years ago. Early this year, the ten-millionth American was arrested on marijuana charges. That's a lot of people to arrest. One wonders, Is there another crime in the history of the United States for which ten million people have been arrested? How effective is the law? I have a neighbor whose 15-year-old grows the stuff on the roof of her house. What on earth would President Dole do to stop this kind of thing from happening? Reactivate Alcatraz? But they wouldn't fit there. Where would they fit? Eighty-five million Americans have experimented with illegal drugs. Since the object of criminal law is to detect and punish the wrongdoer, should we reason that 85 million of us should have spent time in jail?

An awful problem in presidential politics is precisely this temptation to shrink from careful definition. An advisor to Mr. Dole, who is himself wonderfully competent to define, would unquestionably urge the candidate not to make distinctions on the grounds that voters think of marijuana as an evil drug and therefore not fit for conciliatory discussion. All of which means that any war on drugs that lists marijuana as among its targets will be a war lost.

So, in fact, is the war against the hard drugs being lost, though that is a complex study. But when one asks what a President can do about drugs, you are asking two things. The first is programmatic: What kind of laws can the President recommend which would have the effect of diminishing the use of drugs? (Answer: None.) The second is, What kind of pressure is a President in a position to generate? To attempt even to answer that one requires us to ask, Why do people take drugs? Answer: 1) because they seek sensation; 2) because they are undisciplined.

Kurt Cobain, the much-lionized rock figure who finally committed suicide after losing the fight to heroin, had an instructive effect on his followers. One would think that the death of an idol would cause his flock to scorn and even hate the agent of death. But this doesn't happen: no more than the mortality of AIDS serves to reform all practitioners of unsafe sex. You can struggle to find the self-abuser, try him, and sequester him in prison, but in recommending this course of action confidently, you are required to suppress any attention given to derivatives of anti-drug laws, like murders and theft and fear and closed city parks and mega-rich criminals and peeping-Tom policemen and bugged telephones and more taxes for more prisons.

What Mr. Dole can legitimately feel about any connection between the rise in drug consumption and Bill Clinton is that Mr. Clinton is a thoroughbred derivative of the Woodstock generation. A man gifted enough to earn a Rhodes Scholarship and to climb the political ladder from nothing to the White House, but also a man entirely undisciplined in personal behavior. It is never possible absolutely to document social correlations, but it is intuitively persuasive to believe that a society encouraged in the hedonism of Hollywood and *Playboy* and the welfare establishment, headed up by a Pretender to American leadership who is given to self-indulgence, isn't devoting a lot of time to the practice of self-restraint.

A political difficulty here is that Bob Dole can't say that kind of thing. In public. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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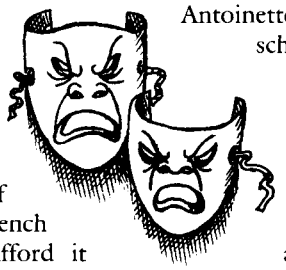
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

LAST month the PBS women's talk show, *To the Contrary*, interviewed some woman who had written a book about traveling alone in foreign countries. I was struck by the déjà vu nature of the questions.

Is there a "taboo" about women traveling alone? How are women traveling alone "perceived"? That's an updated version of "What will people think?" but the tone of voice was the same. They tried to put a feminist spin on it with earnest pronouncements that "women travel differently from men," but it didn't work. The telltale signs of female insecurity were evident: the searching look, the eager smile, the too-quick nods of agreement, the little gusts of laughter-as-punctuation. It was the same old same old, going back not only to my day but to Victorian times.



I went to Paris alone in November 1969. I dreamed of going when I was taking French in school, but I couldn't afford it then, nor for years afterward. All I could afford was a passport so I got one for inspiration, something to take out and look at once in a while. I also used it for I.D., since, unable to afford a car, I didn't have a driver's license.

When finally, at the age of 33, I started making real money, I decided one night on the spur of the moment to fly to Paris. It was characteristically impetuous, but airline reservations were no problem in late autumn. Three days later I was there.

The airport bus put me off at the terminal near Les Invalides. I hadn't made a hotel reservation, so I walked around the side streets until I saw a small hotel where I got a room for $5 a night.

I went immediately to the Eiffel Tower. It was too cloudy to go to the top, but I didn't care. I centered myself underneath it and bent my head back and gazed up through the intricate web until my eyes played tricks on me, the hypnotic sensation of being encinctured by those steel bands satisfying my peculiar claustrophilic need to be literally *in* Paris.

The next day I went to Notre Dame. On the gargoyle roof I met a woman from Rochelle who asked if I would like to see "Le Bourdon," the big bell. It was a lecture given only on request, with a tip to the guide afterward. She seemed to know all about it so I followed along. I didn't catch all of the lecture but the guide's dramatic finale needed no translation. He tapped the bell ever so lightly with his baton, producing a reverberation that made us both scrunch our shoulders.

At the Conciergerie I saw Marie Antoinette's cell. I knew her in high school—the girls who thought of nothing but clothes and were always combing their hair—but here in this wretched place she behaved at last like a Hapsburg archduchess. From Stefan Zweig's biography I knew the route her tumbril took from the prison to the guillotine. I followed it on foot, the closest thing to a pilgrimage I've ever made.

Later I browsed a bookstore and bought the two-volume paperback of *Autant en Emporte le Vent* (*Gone with the Wind*). That night I saw *Midnight Cowboy* with French subtitles, afterwards discussing it with the young woman serving behind the lobby bar. It was my most successful conversation of the trip; I managed to tell her how the movie differed from the book, and compared it to the author's other filmed novel, *All Fall Down*.

It was foggy and drizzling the day I went to Versailles. Three or four other people were in the Hall of Mirrors, but the gardens were deserted. Wishing my old social-adjustment teachers could see me, I sat down on a bench by the statue of Bacchus, utterly content. At last I had a playground all to myself.

Given my constant need for coffee, I had to buy what I didn't even know the name of in English. I told the hardware clerk, "It's shaped like an eagle's claw (*le talon d'un grand oiseau*)," feeling proud when he promptly produced a "*thermo-plongeur*": immersion heater.

Shopping for shoes was harder. Everything I tried on felt like a 5EEE. I kept saying "*plus long, plus mince*," but nothing fit. Finally the salesman said, "*Vous avez les pieds anglais, Madame.*" I left on my English feet, clutching my new idiom.

In a tiny restaurant near the Place d'Italie I had beef burgundy for 18 francs. The best thing about the meal, aside from the food, was that it was Thanksgiving and nobody knew or cared. Nobody saying, "I hate to think of you being alone on Thanksgiving." Nobody assuming I was just being brave when I said, "I like being alone." Nobody inviting me to share their tumultuous family gatherings and having to accept because there was no way out of it. Culture shock was now a thing of the past.

I GOT picked up in Montmartre, but my motives were purely linguistic. As we sat in a cafe sipping vin rouge, he leaned across the table and confided that he loved playing pinball machines. I couldn't think of anything to say in either language.

As it turned out, the heart interest of my trip was the hotel owner's son. His name was Marc and he was six years old. You heard me: six. A child. As in "CNN Breaking News." Evidently being in a country notorious for aloofness and formality had a relaxing effect on me, because Marc and I clicked.

He showed me the ball he was making from tin foil, to which I contributed some cigarette-box liners. I told him about making a ball from rubber bands when I was his age, and started one for him. He liked keys, so I described the key to the Bastille at Mount Vernon and gave him the key to my typewriter case for his collection. I had to break the lock when I got home, but it was worth it.

I thought about my Paris trip as I watched *To the Contrary*'s show on women who travel alone. A week later I watched a longer, louder version of it called the GOP Convention. Four solid days of listening to Republicans take on the Herculean task of making women feel secure convinced me that the female sex was a foreign country and I had a language problem. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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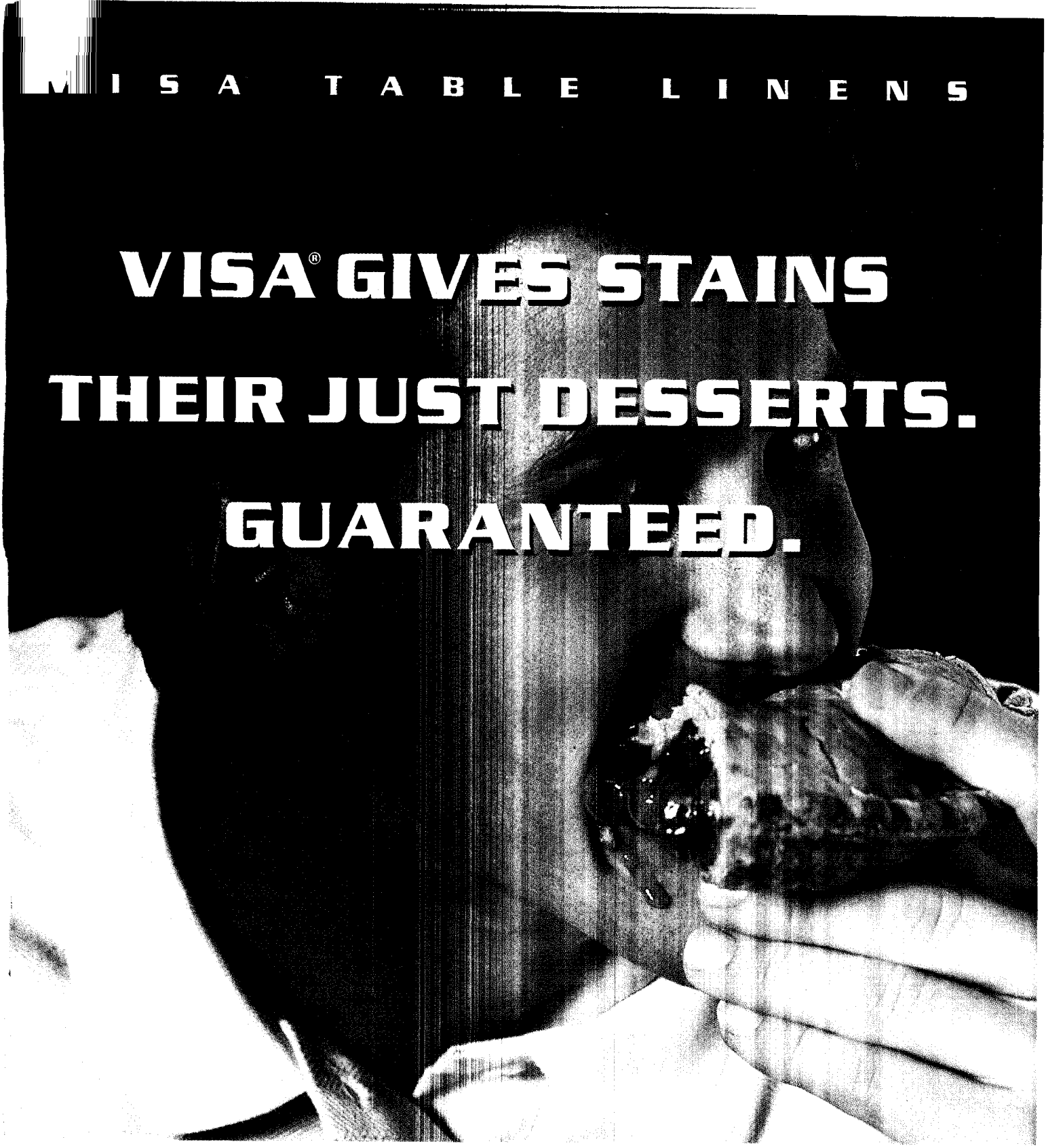

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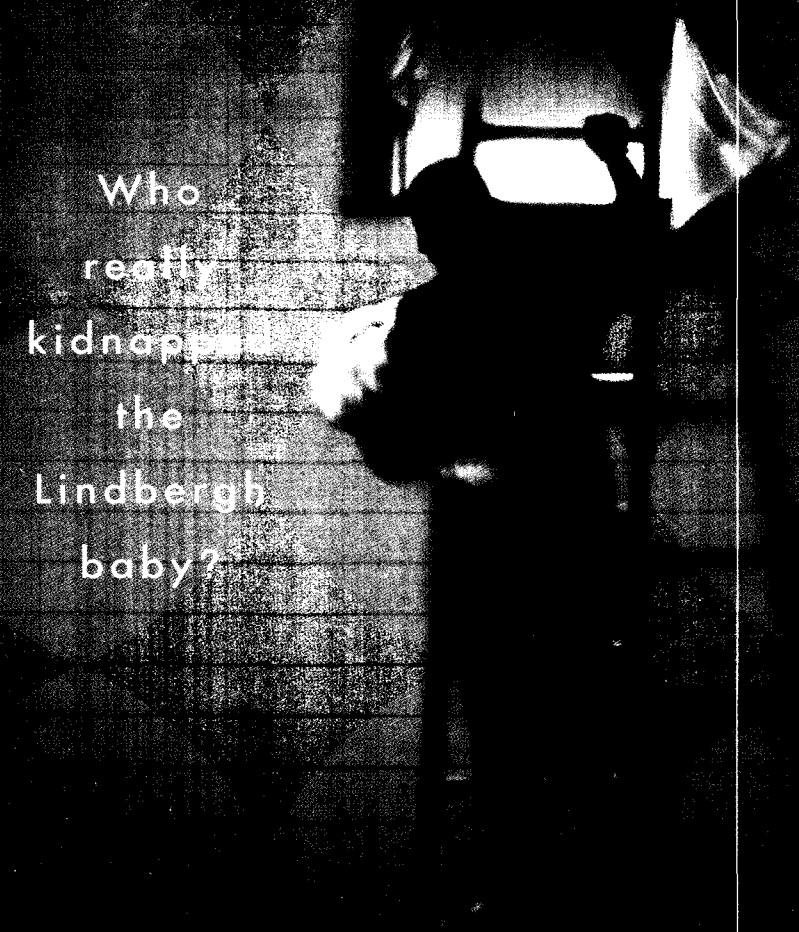

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